

LXIV.—No. 1.

Established 1852.

JANUARY, 1894

# ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE

Illustrated

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Dec '93

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 A soap that some one thing will do.  
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 It beats the best on grounds their own.

ROBERT J. MITCHELL, Sheldon, N. Dak.  
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# ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE

## CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1894

	PAGE
FRONTISPIECE—"BEFORE THE CONCERT,"	
WITH THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS (Illustrated), . . . . .	Stanley J. Weyman, . . . . . 3
THY PRESENCE (Poem), . . . . .	D. J. Donahoe, . . . . . 10
MISS VERA'S TELEGRAM, . . . . .	Sarah P. E. Hawthorne, . . . . . 11
A HARMLESS LADY, . . . . .	Anna Embree, . . . . . 14
THE YELLOW ENVELOPE, . . . . .	Mary A. Denison, . . . . . 18
THE END OF HER WAITING, . . . . .	Ellen F. Wycoff (Mary Wilson), . . . . . 24
DESIRE (Poem), . . . . .	Ray Richmond, . . . . . 26
THE MOSQUES OF TLEMCEM (Illustrated), . . . . .	Edgar Barclay, . . . . . 27
WHEN WE MEET (Poem), . . . . .	Maude Meredith, . . . . . 34
PROPHECY (Poem), . . . . .	Grace Duffield Goodwin, . . . . . 34
A POOR RICH MAN, . . . . .	Mrs. F. M. Howard, . . . . . 35
THE DAY THAT IS DEAD (Poem), . . . . .	D. J. Donahoe, . . . . . 38
THE CLOVER CLUB, . . . . .	
FLORA CULTURE, . . . . .	Edited by Phebe Westcott Humphreys, . . . . . 42
THE SPIRITS OF POCUS PLACE, . . . . .	Miss Kent, . . . . . 45
GIRLS AND BOYS:	
BESSIE'S VISIT TO DOLL LAND, . . . . .	Kitty Reed, . . . . . 55
"H'LO, CENTRAL!" . . . . .	Sidney Dayre, . . . . . 58
WHAT JENNY ASKED, . . . . .	
THE RICH AND POOR, . . . . .	Frederick A. Bisbee, . . . . . 58
A BUSYBODY, . . . . .	M. J. H., . . . . . 59
HER OPINION, . . . . .	
WHAT POLLY PARROT DID, . . . . .	Olive Wood, . . . . . 59
HOME CIRCLE, . . . . .	Conducted by Aunt Jean, . . . . . 61
PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES, . . . . .	Aunt Eda, . . . . . 61
"DEEP SLEEP FALLETH UPON MAN," . . . . .	George Newell Lovejoy, . . . . . 62
THINGS A HOUSEKEEPER SHOULD KNOW, . . . . .	E. F. M., . . . . . 63
DOILIES, . . . . .	M. E. Paull, . . . . . 64
SOMETHING ABOUT CARPETS, . . . . .	Louisa Jamison, . . . . . 65
WOMAN'S WORLD (Illustrated), . . . . .	Edited by Emily H. May, . . . . . 67
ON SLEEVES, . . . . .	
WORK-TABLE, . . . . .	
LITERATURE, . . . . .	Anna Whittier Wendell, . . . . . 79
PUBLISHER'S PAGE, . . . . .	

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**=1894=**

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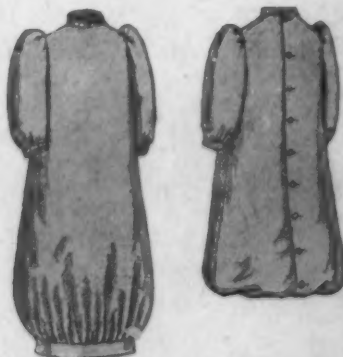
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**January.**  
By her who in this month is born  
No gem save Garnets should be worn;  
They will insure her constancy,  
True friendship and fidelity.

**February.**  
The February born will find  
Sincerity and peace of mind,  
Freedom from passion and from care,  
If they the Amethyst will wear.

**March.**  
Who on this world of ours their eyes  
In March first open shall be wise,  
In days of peril firm and brave,  
And wear a Bloodstone to their grave.

**April.**  
She who from April dates her years  
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears  
For vain repentance flow; this stone  
Emblem of innocence is known.

**May.**  
Who first beholds the light of day  
In Spring's sweet, flowery month of May  
And wears an Emerald all her life,  
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

**June.**  
Who comes with summer to this earth  
And owes to June her day of birth,  
With ring of Agate on her hand  
Can health, wealth and long life command.



**July.**  
The glowing Ruby should adorn.  
Those who in warm July are born;  
Then will they be exempt and free  
From love's doubts and anxiety.

**August.**  
Wear a Sardonyx, or for thee  
No conjugal felicity;  
The August-born without this stone,  
'Tis said, must live unloved and lone.

**September.**  
A maiden born when autumn leaves  
Are rustling in September's breeze  
A Sapphire on her brow should bind—  
'Twill cure diseases of the mind.

**October.**  
October's child is born for woe,  
And life's vicissitudes must know;  
But lay an Opal on her breast  
And hope will quell those woes to rest.

**November.**  
Who first comes to this world below  
With drear November's fog and snow  
Should prize the Topaz amber hue—  
Emblem of friends and lovers true.

**December.**  
If cold December gave you birth—  
The month of snow and ice and mirth—  
Place on your hand a Turquoise blue;  
Success will bless whate'er you do.

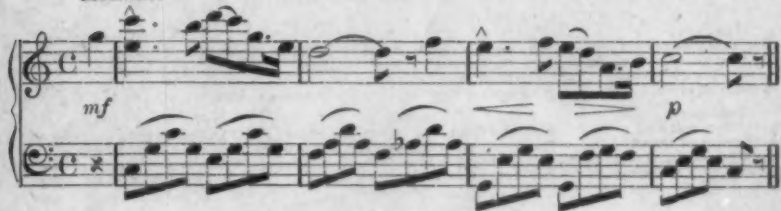
# THAN THINE.

## BALLAD.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Music by SEPTIMUS WINNER.

*Moderato.*



1. Than thine, no fair-er face I see,..... Than thine, no sweeter voice I know,..... Than  
 2. Than thine, no fonder hand I press,..... Than thine, no fa-vor seems as dear,..... Than

The first system shows the vocal melody for the first two lines of the song. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

thine, no fonder heart to me, ..... Why should I fail to tell thee so?..... I  
 thine, no form could I ca-ress, ..... With such a sense of ho-ly cheer!..... The

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features more complex chordal textures in the right hand.

seek the woodland and the grove,..... To hear the birds in all their glee..... I  
 man-y sea-sons come and go, ..... With chan-ges that we need not name..... Oh,

The third system concludes the song with the final vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part ends with a series of chords in the right hand.



# THAN THINE.

search for all things that I love,..... Yet I would rather meet with thee,..... I  
what a joy were it to know,..... That we may ev-er be the same,..... Oh,

*rit. marcato.*

## REFRAIN.

search for all things that I love,..... But I would rather meet with thee,..... Than  
what a joy were it to know,..... That we may ev-er be the same,.....

thine, Than thine, No fon - der heart I know,..... On

me, On me, On me, thy hand be - stow,.....



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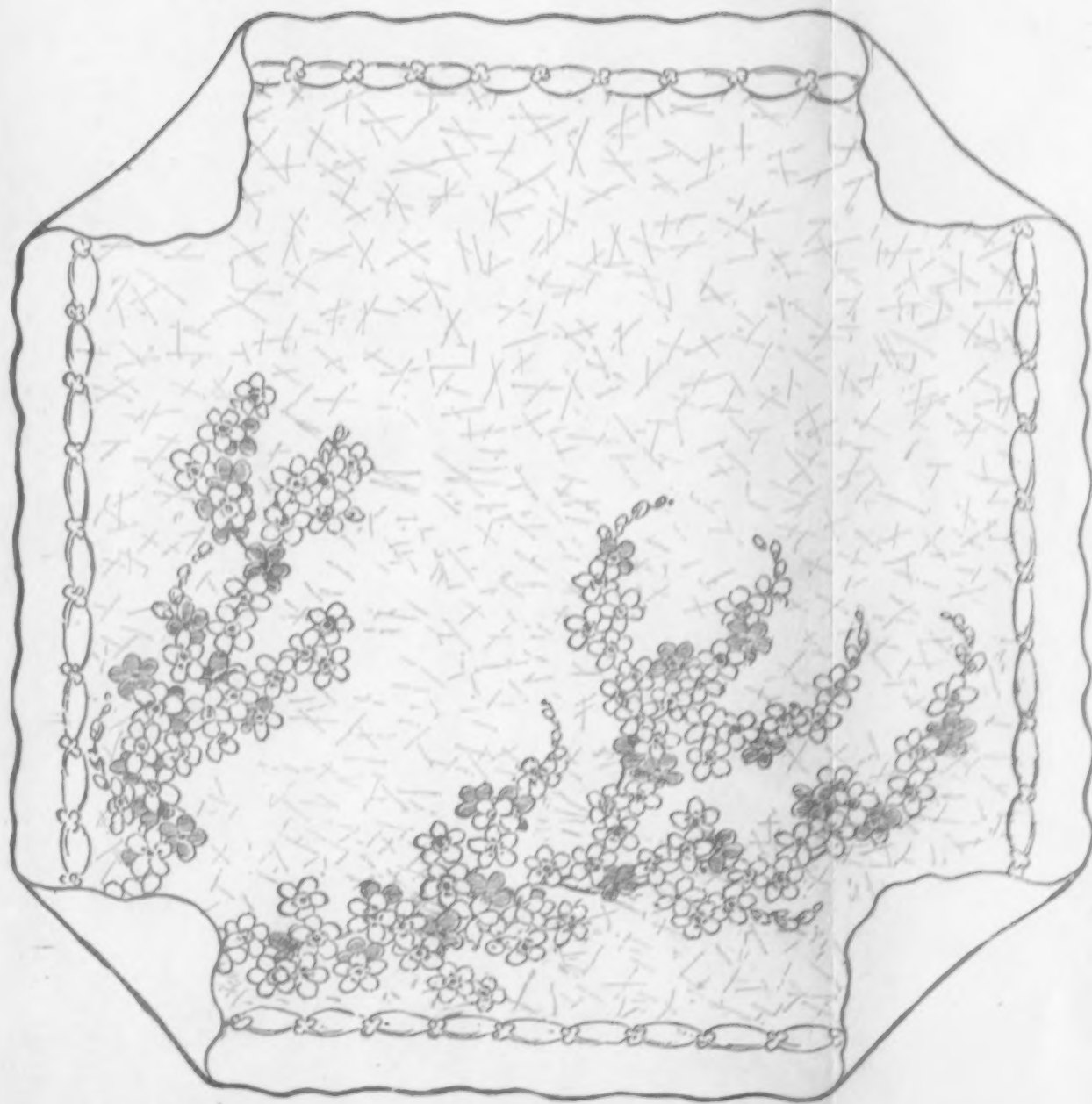
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In answering advertisements, our readers will please mention this Magazine.

Arthur's New Home Magazine—January, 1894.



FORGET-ME-NOT DOILY



BEFORE THE CONCERT.



# ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1894.

WITH THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.



PRINCE RAMOTEP AND QUEEN NEFERT—THE OLDEST SCULPTURES IN THE WORLD.



THE history of Egypt, before the advent of Christianity, has been conveniently divided into three main periods. The first, during which Memphis was the capital, included the ancient empire. The second was the period rendered illustrious by the later empire seated at Thebes. The third was a nondescript period of about nine centuries, comprising the Assyrian and Persian invasions and the kingdom of the Ptolemies, during which the country was ruled now from one place, now from another.

In many minds, the first of these periods arouses the greatest interest. The astonishing interval of time which divides it from our days, the lasting monuments which it bequeathed to posterity in the shape of the Pyramids and the Sphinx, and the prevailing idea that throughout a great part of it, Egypt, at ease and at peace within her desert confines, enjoyed a very high and peculiar degree of civilization, have invested this portion of her history with a charm and a fascination which later annals do not possess. The figures of Cheops and Chephren loom gigantic through the

mist of time. The dimness of the ages endows them with outlines and a stature scarcely human. By the side of them, as we imagine them, Sesostrius looks small, the glory of Thothmes pales. Nay, even Thebes, whose temples remain to strike with awe the most careless observer, loses her mysterious charm when compared with Memphis, the still older city, which has left us no more than a cemetery.

The inquirer who makes no stay in Cairo when he lands in Egypt, but derives his ideas of this earliest period from the remains of its greatness which he finds at Gizeh and Sakkarah, at Maydoom and in the tombs of Beni-hassan, is somewhat apt to look on the work of the ancient empire—so far as it has survived, at any rate—as bulky and massive rather than fine or delicate. He contemplates the granite walls of the temple near the Sphinx, and the Pyramids, and the tombs, and supposes that no smaller or more delicate objects have come down to us from that remote age. Nor is he surprised at this. It is consistent with probability. He can account for the continued existence of the Pyramids or the rock-cut tombs, for he sees in them works qualified by their bulk and grandeur to withstand better than smaller matters the brunt of time. He is thankful that so much is spared. Nor is he surprised at seeing funeral images, and necklaces, and scarabs, and statuettes of Osiris of the date of the later empire offered for sale, while none which claim an earlier origin are brought forward. He concludes that the latter do not exist.

But this is not the case. A considerable number of relics of the ancient empire do exist and have been brought together. They are to be found in the museum which was formerly lodged at Boulak, but has lately found more spacious quarters at Gizeh, another of the suburbs of Cairo. One of the most remarkable museums in the world is this. Unlike such great European collections as the British Museum or the Louvre, it is devoted to the antiquities of one country—that in which it is situate—and to those only. It is the national museum

of Egypt, set apart for the exposition of ancient Egyptian history, art, and manners, and governed by men who have made Egyptology their special study. No antiquities can legally be taken out of the country without the permission of the Gizeh authorities. They preside over all excavations, and without them no researches can be made. They possess extensive rights of pre-emption in regard to all matters discovered by others; and consequently the history of ancient Egypt can nowhere be studied so easily or to such good advantage as in the museum over which they preside.

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one place where excavations have been recently made, English travelers have remarked, along with a fiery desire to discover, a certain lack of care, of loving care, in the preservation of the things discovered. During the excavations which were made two years ago in the Temple of Luxor—a work in itself praiseworthy and well executed—a superb mask, part of a colossal statue of Rameses the Great, was uncovered. It was so fine a work that, as it lay on the ground, tourists visited it to observe the effect of the moonlight on the cold proud features and stony sightless eyes. It was then perfect; but as the excavations progressed, although ten men might in as many minutes have removed it to a place of safety, stones and earth accumulated about it, and when last seen it was running daily risk of mutilation. Of course, it may be said that, out of the vast number of statues of the great king which exist, one may be spared. But this is scarcely the view of an antiquary or a reverent lover of the past.

To return to the collection at Gizeh and the light which it throws upon the ancient empire. Would any see the features of the man who built the second of the great Pyramids? Would they learn what manner of man he was, what he wore, what was the state of art in his day, what the ideas of decoration and symbolism which prevailed? Then let them enter this room, well considering first what it is they expect to see. Something rough, large, unpolished, lacking in finish, the likeness of a man and no more? Such would be a most reasonable expectation, it being thoroughly kept in mind that the man whose portrait stands here died, at the lowest computation, six thousand years ago. He had been dead many centuries when the first of the patriarchs paid his visit to Egypt. He was a dim name, a dark shadow to Joseph and his contemporaries. He was separated from Moses by as great an interval of time as separates us from the lawgiver of the Israelites—almost incredible as this seems. To us, too, he should be a dim name, a dark shadow.

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CHEPHREN.



BEFORE THE CONCERT.





# ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1894.

WITH THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.



PRINCE RAHOTEP AND QUEEN NEFERT—THE OLDEST SCULPTURES IN THE WORLD.



THE history of Egypt, before the advent of Christianity, has been conveniently divided into three main periods. The first, during which Memphis was the capital, included the ancient empire. The second was the period rendered illustrious by the later empire seated at Thebes. The third was a nondescript period of about nine centuries, comprising the Assyrian and Persian invasions and the kingdom of the Ptolemies, during which the country was ruled now from one place, now from another.

VOL. LXIV—1.

In many minds, the first of these periods arouses the greatest interest. The astonishing interval of time which divides it from our days, the lasting monuments which it bequeathed to posterity in the shape of the Pyramids and the Sphinx, and the prevailing idea that throughout a great part of it, Egypt, at ease and at peace within her desert confines, enjoyed a very high and peculiar degree of civilization, have invested this portion of her history with a charm and a fascination which later annals do not possess. The figures of Cheops and Chephren loom gigantic through the

mist of time. The dimness of the ages endows them with outlines and a stature scarcely human. By the side of them, as we imagine them, Sesostrius looks small, the glory of Thothmes pales. Nay, even Thebes, whose temples remain to strike with awe the most careless observer, loses her mysterious charm when compared with Memphis, the still older city, which has left us no more than a cemetery.

The inquirer who makes no stay in Cairo when he lands in Egypt, but derives his ideas of this earliest period from the remains of its greatness which he finds at Gizeh and Sakkarah, at Maydoom and in the tombs of Beni-hassan, is somewhat apt to look on the work of the ancient empire—so far as it has survived, at any rate—as bulky and massive rather than fine or delicate. He contemplates the granite walls of the temple near the Sphinx, and the Pyramids, and the tombs, and supposes that no smaller or more delicate objects have come down to us from that remote age. Nor is he surprised at this. It is consistent with probability. He can account for the continued existence of the Pyramids or the rock-cut tombs, for he sees in them works qualified by their bulk and grandeur to withstand better than smaller matters the brunt of time. He is thankful that so much is spared. Nor is he surprised at seeing funeral images, and necklaces, and scarabs, and statuettes of Osiris of the date of the later empire offered for sale, while none which claim an earlier origin are brought forward. He concludes that the latter do not exist.

But this is not the case. A considerable number of relics of the ancient empire do exist and have been brought together. They are to be found in the museum which was formerly lodged at Boulak, but has lately found more spacious quarters at Gizeh, another of the suburbs of Cairo. One of the most remarkable museums in the world is this. Unlike such great European collections as the British Museum or the Louvre, it is devoted to the antiquities of one country—that in which it is situated—and to those only. It is the national museum

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CHEPHREN.

production of a rude age, but a work of taste, of artistic knowledge, and mechanical resource.

The idea that it is spurious—that, like the pictures of the early Scottish kings which hang upon the walls of Holyrood, it is the work of a later time—may not unreasonably occur to some. Let these pass into the next room and stand before a tall glass case which contains the statues of two people seated side by side. They are a man and a woman, and the artist has contrived to express with rare felicity—this is no exaggeration, all who have seen the group will bear out the statement—the affection and respect of each for the other. The figures are colored, part of the dress being vividly white, while another part, if I remember rightly, is red. The complexion of the man is darker than that of the woman. The most minute details of dress and ornament are carefully rendered, and the faces are singularly animated and lifelike, that of the man being keen and vigorous, that of the woman more placid and gentle; while there is a brightness and vividness of coloring in the representation which almost makes the stranger wink as he turns to it, and which differences it at once from the sombre diorite statue of King Chephren. This old—this group in colored plaster, or whatever the fragile-looking stuff is?

Yes, old. For fragile, bright, spotless, without stain of time or wear as this group is, it is older than the statue of Chephren, older than Cheops, older than the Great Pyramid! It is probably the oldest work of art in the world. The hands which fashioned it, the man and the woman who sat for it, the tongues which applauded its excellence, have been dust for more than three-score centuries. It was executed under the third Egyptian dynasty; the Pyramids were built by the fourth; Moses lived under the nineteenth; which nineteenth came to an end some thirteen hundred years before Christ entered Egypt as a child. The age of this work confounds us. Its excellence perplexes us. It rises out of the darkness, a sun-lit peak where all else is gloom. Of its surroundings, of its

relations to other things of the same date, of its position in the history of the art of its day, we know nothing. We are ignorant, probably must remain ignorant, of the steps by which, in that early age of the world, civilization had attained to such a pitch as is indicated by it. In fine, we look, we appreciate, we marvel; but we know nothing.

To take one more example. There is, in the same room with this group, a plain unvarnished wooden figure, from three to four feet high. It is commonly called the Sheik-el-Beled, or Village Chief, partly because the name of the person whom it represents is unknown, and partly because the inhabitants of the village near which it was found declared it to be an excellent likeness of their chief. It is somewhat injured and roughened by time; possibly it was originally colored. One arm, I think, has been broken off and replaced. More than one crack and fissure bear witness to the ravages of heat and cold. But, with all this, it is one of the most lifelike representations of a man which any age has produced. At a glance, without knowledge of the original, the spectator sees in it an excellent likeness, a speaking portrait; sturdy, middle-aged, bullet-headed, obstinate, yet honest and good-natured, we have the man before us. The expression of his face is so natural, yet so perfectly determined, that it dwells in the visitor's mind for days and weeks afterward; and were he to meet the man walking in Oxford Street in a modern costume, he feels he would recognize him. Much of the natural expression of the face is due to the eyes, which are marvelously rendered by artificial orbs of the most cunning construction. In a word, the Sheik-el-Beled, even in its decay, is a work of great and simple excellence—of true artistic feeling.

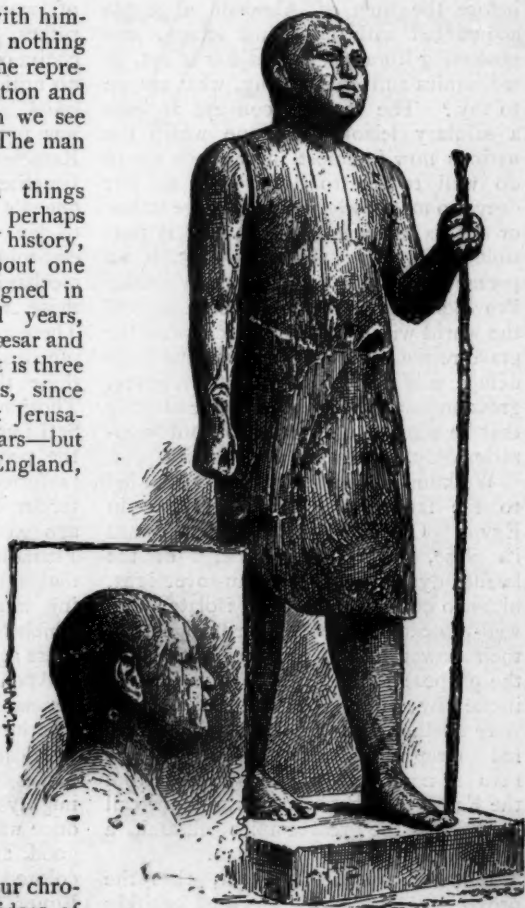
Well, it again is as old at least as the Pyramid of Cheops; as the fortieth century before Christ. It represents apparently one of the early Egyptian patriarchs, such a man in his country and time, we may suppose, as long afterward Abraham was in his: rich in flocks and herds, but simple in dress, habit, manners; a man



homely, peaceful, well content with himself and all about him. There is nothing barbaric, nothing offensive in the representation, none of that exaggeration and leaning toward deformity which we see in the early Phœnician works. The man is homely; the art is high.

The impression which such things make upon the visitor, hitherto perhaps but slightly versed in Egyptian history, is strong and lasting. It is about one thousand years since Alfred reigned in England. It is two thousand years, speaking roughly, since Julius Cæsar and his legions landed in Britain. It is three thousand years, or thereabouts, since Solomon founded his Temple at Jerusalem. It is four thousand years—but what need to go farther? In England, a building is considered old if it dates from Saxon times. We muse over a few feet of foundation, or a wall, or a trench, which bears marks of Roman origin. But, brought face to face with these objects at Gizeh, not rough or fragmentary, but perfect, smoothly polished, delicately finished, and knowing that three times the interval which separates us from the birth of Christ has elapsed since their authors trod the earth, since the shapeless wood and stone assumed these forms, we find it necessary to rearrange our chronology and formulate anew our ideas of history—above all, to admit the existence, in times now infinitely remote, of a civilization, a refinement, a settled condition of peace and progress, such as we are too apt to consider has been the growth of these latter days only.

And this we cannot acknowledge without opening the door to grave and serious reflections. That which has happened once may happen again. If it has happened twice, it is the more likely to recur. Probably our thoughts have strayed at times to the terrible upheaval which took place when the luxury and taste—and, in a sense, civilization—of the Roman empire perished before the barbarous hordes—as Pompeii under the



SHEIK-EL-BELED.

lava and scorix of Vesuvius. In that case, we flatter ourselves that we can trace the causes which led to decay first, and later to downfall. We know something of the vices, the materialism, and lack of purpose of the time. We regard the catastrophe which then overtook the world as a single instance, perhaps as a necessary step, in the development of the race.

If it be not a single instance, however, the case is altered. If the civilization which then perished was not the first, nor perhaps the second, which the world has seen; if there existed in Egypt long

before the time of Abraham a people acquainted with laws and letters, and possessing libraries, skilled too in art, in mechanics and engineering, what are we to say? The thought conveys at least a salutary lesson, and one which the nations now foremost in the race would do well to lay to heart. To do our duty, no matter whether the deluge follow or not, is an excellent rule. It is possible—nay, it is probable—that, if we pursue it, if the peoples now under Providence swaying the destinies of the world will accept and recognize the grave responsibilities laid upon them, the deluge will not follow. But everyone, great and small, must help; remembering that he owes a duty, not to contemporaries only, but to posterity as well.

We know little of the causes which led to the fall of the ancient empire in Egypt. Only it seems clear that toward its close, in the time perhaps of the twelfth dynasty, the Egyptian sovereigns, hitherto content with their isolated and well-protected position, tried to extend their power to the eastward, either for the purpose of averting an invasion, or incited by ambition. For the time, they were triumphant; but their success only led to reprisals, and speedily Egypt was invaded and overwhelmed by a race from the East—the Shepherds, as we now call them—and the great empire fell amid a scene of havoc and bloodshed.

It would appear, however, that the progress already made was not entirely lost; for, less than a thousand years later, we find the new empire presiding over a country rich, prosperous, and civilized; as not the Gizeh collection alone, but hundreds of temples and tombs proclaim. The museum contains an immense variety of objects illustrative of this period, which closed about the eighth century before Christ. These things, therefore, though modern by the side of the statue of Chephren, are far older than any remains which Greece or Rome has to offer. Yet that about them which most forcibly strikes the visitor is their "modernness," if such a word may be permitted. There is a chair at Gizeh of which the framework is made

of wood and the seat apparently of rushes, which so much resembles the chairs of our time that it would attract no notice if placed in a lady's drawing-room. Yet it was found in a tomb, and was probably last used as a seat when Rameses was king—possibly while the Israelites were in Goshen. There is a queen's jewelry which a lady might wear to-day without exciting remark; and embroidery and crewel-work, and toys—mechanical toys—closely resembling those with which our children play. There are plans of buildings and tombs prepared by hands which have been cold these thirty centuries, seals cut under Thothmes, and books illustrated when Seti was king. We know the tastes of the people of the day, what food they preferred, what flowers they loved. The tender buds which so many generations ago were laid on the lifeless breast of Pharaoh are here; nay, they retain to this moment something of the delicate coloring, almost of the perfume of a spring which merged in summer three thousand years ago.

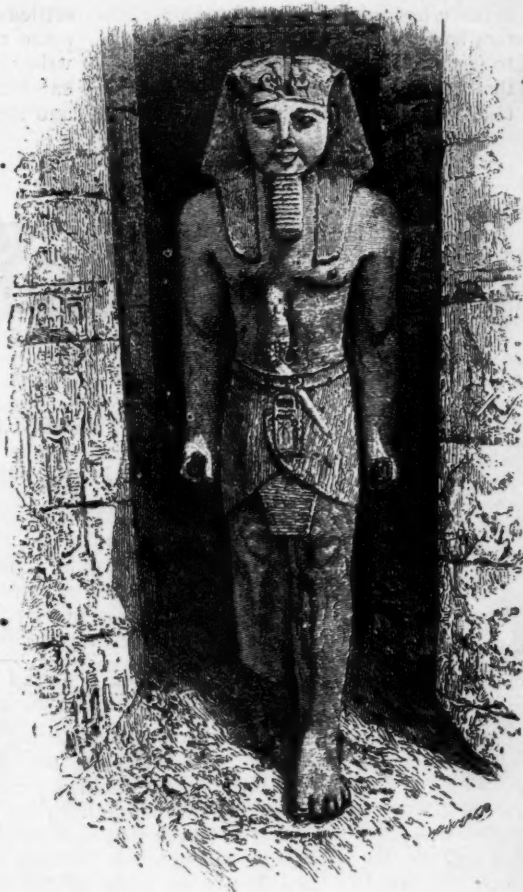
And the great king himself is here—Rameses II; and Seti his father, and Thothmes the Conqueror, long conquered by death; and other Pharaohs whose names are less familiar to us. The mighty are indeed fallen. The face that once was as the face of a god, conferring good and evil, is shrunken and discolored. The hands that governed Egypt are wasted and nerveless. Pharaoh lies in his cere-cloths, and the curious bend over him and gaze into the sightless sockets, murmur over the silent lips. How strange it seems, how incredible almost, that here, separated from us only by a piece of glass, we have the mortal visage and frame of the man who tasked Israel beyond bearing; who saw Moses, and lived and ruled and died before David was born, or Judah was a people!

The features of Sethi, even in decay, suggest that the man was kingly: that he was not lacking in grandeur or nobility. The face of Rameses, on the other hand, is that of an arrogant narrow-minded sovereign, obstinate, supercilious, inhu-

man in his pride. But any arguments which may be drawn from these dead faces lose much of their force when we lean over the coffin of Thothmes III, the most warlike and powerful of all the sovereigns of Egypt, whose fame and exploits have in many cases been set down to the credit of Rameses. His features are small, almost puny; his frame is that of a boy. Of all the men who lie in the upper chamber at Gizeh, he is the last whom we should select were we searching for the Egyptian Alexander.

The story of the discovery of the royal mummies is a strange one. They were not found separately, each in the splendid tomb which the living king had prepared for himself with so much care and forethought. Those tombs were examined long ages ago and found to be empty; they are empty still, though one of the sights of Thebes. Twelve or fifteen years ago, indeed, the most sanguine explorers did not dare to hope that the mummies of the greatest sovereigns of Egypt were still in existence, much less that they would ever be brought to light. Yet the thing came to pass. About the year 1871, a gang of Arab excavators, while working illegally, discovered in a retired ravine among the rocks somewhat farther from Thebes than the Valley of the Kings (the ordinary royal place of sepulture), a vault containing a number of mummy-cases. The cases were piled together at random, and round them lay a vast quantity of priceless antiquities. Of these, for about ten years, the explorers made their market. At the end of that time, rumors of the discovery were whispered abroad, the men were arrested, and presently the authorities, being guided to the spot, opened the vault and disclosed treasures still far in

excess of the hopes of the most sanguine. For here lay the bodies of the chief kings of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, with those of some later sovereigns. It seems that, in the stormy times which heralded the close of the Theban empire, bands of robbers came into existence,



RAMESES II.

whose special rôle it was to plunder tombs. In the general weakness of the time, and relaxation of all authority, even the tombs of the kings were not beyond the pale of danger. Accordingly, to avert an act of sacrilege so gross and so abhorrent to all conservative Egyptian ideas, the bodies of the sover-

eigns were secretly removed to this more remote and unlikely spot.

But, in this connection, the writer may be permitted to say a word. These bodies have now been exposed to the common view for some years. They have been thoroughly examined. They have been photographed again and again. Science has said its say about them, history has learned from them all it is likely to learn. They have become a show—the objects of a morbid curiosity which takes pleasure in the ghastly and the

unpleasant. Should there not now be an end of this? Has not the time come for replacing them in the grave, quietly and with such reverence as is due to mortals like ourselves? While refraining from casting the slightest blame on those who, for good and useful purposes, for the elucidation of historical points or the settlement of scientific questions, have made reverent use of these remains, the writer would suggest that their further exhibition cannot serve any laudable end, and is unworthy of a national museum.



### THY PRESENCE.

BY D. J. DONAHOE.

WHEN waking morn uplifts her head  
 Above the eastern main,  
 And shakes her dewy tresses fair,  
 And smiles o'er earth again,  
 I see thy form in every scene  
 That meets my anxious eyes,  
 And feel thy presence everywhere,  
 In earth and air and skies.

The dew-drops glistening on the flowers  
 That from the ground upstart,  
 Are like the stainless purity  
 That lighteth up thy heart;  
 The breeze that softly whispereth  
 Within the budding tree,  
 Is like the music of thy voice  
 When thou dost speak to me.

The deep, soft azure of the skies,  
 That spreads from pole to pole,  
 Is mirror of the perfect truth  
 That liveth in thy soul.  
 Thus art thou, Love, in every scene  
 That meets my anxious eyes;  
 Thus art thou present everywhere  
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## MISS VERA'S TELEGRAM.

BY SARAH P. E. HAWTHORNE.



OR some unknown reason, for he was a student neither of Latin nor Greek, John Hoyt gave his infant daughter the name of "Veritas," softened to "Vera."

At forty, she was alone in the spacious home that had sheltered four generations, and sole owner of the fertile farm that numbered two hundred acres as its area.

It was early morning in the last of May. Its owner stood on the broad platform just outside the milk-room door, inhaling the nameless perfumes of spring. The crowing of cocks and lowing of cattle came to her from a distance. A boy was running barefooted along the road.

"I wonder who that is!" she exclaims aloud. Solitude has given her the habit of talking to herself. "Peter's boy, I do believe!"

Miss Vera is forty, but with the supple grace of girlhood in every motion. Her eyes are gray, and a strong earnest soul shines through them; her hair is lightly touched by the hand of time. Yet over all is the unmistakable mark of the spinster—a lonely air, yet independent.

"Here's a telegram for you," says the breathless boy. "Come last night," holding out a yellow-covered enclosure.

"A telegram? From whom?"

But her listener has gone, and with trembling fingers she opened it.

"Come at once, if you would see him alive. ROBERTS."

The date was yesterday, and the place Milton, a flourishing city some twenty miles distant, where her only brother had lived, and his orphan son, a young fellow of eighteen, was a clerk in a store.

"It is Jimmie," she said; "he is sick—dying. I must go to him at once. Poor boy!"

She went into the house and washed her breakfast-dishes mechanically. No one should take care of things for her.

It was an early spring—warm, forcing to vegetation. The cow and calf could be turned out together, the hens could take care of themselves, and her horse was already out to pasture. She would only tidy up a bit, pack a few things in her hand-satchel, then walk down to the corner and take the stage to Dayton, to unite with the cars. Half an hour later, she was walking along the road, anxious about Jimmie and half frightened at the journey; blue-birds floated from stake to stake of fences, cat-birds were quarreling in a thorn-bush by the roadside, and, as she passed through a thicket at the foot of the hill, the sound of boyish laughter reached her ears—derisive mocking laughter.

Looking back, she could just discern the forms of two or three boys through the riant foliage.

"What pleases them so? I wonder if they suspect I am going away! Perhaps it is those Drew boys, that I caught stealing grapes last fall," she soliloquized, as she hurried on. "I hope they won't do any mischief while I am gone!"

But the Drew boys were forgotten as she seated herself in the cars, her ticket closely clasped in her hand.

The last ride she took over this road was with her promised husband—Andrew Weston; and that night, they parted forever. Annoyed at her friendliness with a rival—flirtation, he called it—"a little rift within the lute" grew so great on that glorious autumn day that she was angry and said what she would have given much to recall. He went at once to Australia and left her alone. Alone now, truly, if Jimmie died, the one being living to claim her love.

Passengers smiled at her old-fashioned garb and the paper bag of herbs she carried, that emitted the odors of peppermint, catnip, and pennyroyal. One old gentleman, with a kindly face, took a seat in front of her and asked for a sprig of the last.



"It will remind me of my mother," he said, apologetically.

"Might I ask how far you are traveling to-day, sir?" asked Miss Vera, with old-fashioned politeness.

He named her destination, and she proceeded to inquire after the general health of the town and the state of religion until she came to the question nearest her heart. Did he know her nephew—James Hoyt?

Some of the passengers smiled at her behind her back, but most of them pitied her when they learned her errand. One young man offered to conduct her at once to the street and number she gave as Jimmie's boarding-place.

It was a large uncomfortable boarding-house. She was quite awed by the sharp tongue and brisk ways of its mistress.

"Go up to his room? Certainly, if you are his aunt; but I don't think he is in. Sick? Why, not that I know of; for it's none of my business to watch the goings-in or comings-out of my boarders. You can go and see," and she reluctantly showed her a room on the third floor, untenanted certainly, but surely Jimmie's.

"He'll be in, I guess, in about twenty minutes," she added.

Miss Vera was speechless from indignation at the woman's evident suspicion of her, relief that her nephew was not sick, and amazement at the meaning of that telegram.

A tall handsome fellow, with the pallor of confinement on his round cheeks, found her sitting disconsolately on his trunk, with tears in her eyes.

"Why, auntie, you old darling! Is this you? And what does it mean?" he cried, as he clasped her in his strong young arms and kissed her over and over again. "Dying? Never felt any better in my life. Must have been a joke, surely. Take off your bonnet and go down to dinner with me. Now you are here, you are going to make me a visit. Mrs. Simms will give you a good room. Come, there is the dinner-bell! By the way, there is a poor fellow here who is sick—awful sick. Came from Australia about a week ago, and was taken sick

here; don't know what ails him. Name? Weston, I believe. Had a slight shock or something, I guess."

Poor old maid! her heart beat tumultuously. Could it be Andrew? Yes, she would stay a few days and look after the boy and this stranger. Perhaps it was her duty, she told Jimmie.

"My aunt is something of a nurse," he said to Mrs. Simms, "a regular Good Samaritan, you know, and she wants to go up to No. 17's room and see if she can do anything for him."

Mrs. Simms smiled at the idea, but led the way, and Miss Vera once more beheld the face of her lover. A pale face framed in snowy hair and beard, but his! Not knowing the length of his purse, Mrs. Simms had engaged no nurse.

It was a month before Miss Vera went home, and then Jimmie and Mr. Weston accompanied her.

The boys who planned the "good joke" to plague the mean old maid, and also the one who paid his fare to Milton and back to send the telegram, never dreamed how good it was.

Mr. Weston had made a fortune, as the saying goes, but his health was gone; and his wife, for they were married in Milton, cared for him with a kind of remorseful tenderness and unceasing care which love alone teaches.

When Miss Vera made known her intention to marry Mr. Weston, Jimmie was indignant.

"What! marry that quiet old man, broken-down, infirm as he is? You, a young-looking, handsome woman! Don't do it, auntie dear, will you? What can you see in him?"

This was more than she could endure. She grew pale to the very lips, but speaking strongly, almost fiercely:

"Not another word, James! I see in Andrew Weston's pale face the bright hopeful countenance of my girlhood's lover—the one love of my life! If his frame is enfeebled, his hair bleached, it is by hardships which he bore because my own wickedness drove him from me, from home, country, civilization. There is such a thing as loving one person and always loving! Young love is passion-

ate, quick to take offense, but old love is faithful! My autumn of life is here; do not grieve me, but enjoy your spring-time, my child, so that your summer be not spent in vain regret as was mine."

Jimmie went back to Milton in a very discontented frame of mind. As a sort of antidote for the blues, he went to a masquerade ball on the warmest night in July, and lost his heart. It was a select affair, or our hero would not have fallen madly in love with a form and a voice personating Diana. The goddess proved to be the softest-hearted, gentlest little girl in the world, with childlike clear blue eyes and fluffy hair of yellowest gold. A Miss Lottie Barnet, a doctor's daughter; a country doctor's, yet quite an heiress in a small way, who was visiting this young gentleman's employer.

He wished for impossible millions, and was as anxious to win them as most nineteenth-century boys, although he did not see his way clear to the first one.

In the meantime, Miss Lottie was as pleased as a child with his too evident admiration, and returned it with an innocent fearlessness that seemed to belong to the childhood she had left behind her more than the womanhood upon which she had fairly entered. He proposed to Lottie and "spoke to her father," who pooh-poohed at the idea, goes away laughing at the "child's" latest fancy, and whirls her off to her native village, despite Jimmie's sighs. Yet they can correspond, and he remembers his aunt's "but enjoy your spring-time, my child, so that your summer be not spent in vain regret as was mine," and is hopeful.

In his short autumn vacation, he changed his mind about his aunt's choice. Mr. Weston was such a comfortable man to live with, so unfailingly sweet and kind. He filled the house with luxuries that Miss Vera had never known, and to see them sitting side by side on the shady

veranda was a picture of comfort: he reading, occasionally talking, always quiet, yet with a rare sense of humor and a vivid power of description; she busy with knitting or mending, talking, rocking in her easy-chair, jumping up now and then to drive a chicken or to see if tea is ready, with a bright happy face. In truth, Jimmie feels like treating the Drew boys for sending that telegram, and he is sure Lottie loves him.

Mr. and Mrs. Weston are his confidants. "It was so ridiculous for the boy to fall in love," said his aunt; "but, if he is really in earnest, I suppose we—I might help him a little: set him up in trade, perhaps, in a modest way. A peanut-stand!" laughingly.

"We might," her husband answers, thoughtfully.

"Do you suppose their love is real—will last?"

He looks at her tenderly with a smile.

"Listen, Vera," he says, "to this ballad," opening a book he holds in his thin hand.

"Oh! to go back to the days of June,  
Just to be young and alive again,  
Hearken again to the mad, sweet tune  
Birds were singing with might and main:  
South they flew at the summer's wane,  
Leaving their nests for storms to harry,  
Since time was coming for wind and rain—"

His voice trembles a little, and he reads a line or two at random:

"Free they were in the days of June,  
Free they never can be again;  
Fetters of age and fetters of pain—"

His wife lays her hand on the book; she understands.

"They shall have their June, Andrew, ere youth is over, if we can help him. We are very happy, dear, yet we have missed our summer day."

Jimmie's success was assured as far as winning a sweet bride.



## A HARMLESS LADY.

BY ANNA EMBREE.



HE line of rail-fence that divided the two farms stretched far down the grass-green meadows, ending at right angles with the more pretentious fence along the country road. From the two corners thus defined, the land spread out in ever broadening borders, and upon each side of the dividing line embraced a distant farm-house in its lazy sunny arms. In their soft colors of green and white, the two houses lay like idle creatures sprawling in the sun.

The meadows glistened under the floating light of an early summer morning, and Farmer Basset, at the foot of his fertile undulating field, stopped now and then, with hammer in hand, to direct a long gaze of satisfaction over his thriving estate. He was knee-deep in long grass, and under his great straw hat was sheltered alike from the sun's rays and from ordinary vision. But the outlook from under its broad brim brought a flood of pleasure to its owner's heart, for he noted on the one side the clean smooth floor of earth between the wiry stems of wheat, and, in contrast to it, the weed-entangled growth upon the adjoining land.

"Jinkerton!" suddenly exclaimed the farmer, with a surprised stare over the fence. "Has Whitcomb come back?"

Two men could be seen across the intervening field, walking slowly about the house. One was bent and was leaning upon the arm of the other.

"That's Whitcomb or it's his double," he ejaculated again. "I wonder what it means! The house is all closed."

With a sudden vigor, he drove the long nail home into the thick wood, and, giving it another sharp decisive blow, dropped his hatchet into the basket and started in the direction of his house.

Mrs. Basset had made the same observation from the kitchen window, and met him at the door in all the elation of discovery.

"He must have come late yesterday evening, and he has taken the back room upstairs."

"I'd like to see the old fellow. If I thought he'd be friends, I'd go over. But he left here in such a mighty row, and has never been back since—perhaps it's better to let fallow land lie."

"He's married, isn't he? I wonder if his wife came with him."

Basset pushed the damp hat-rim back from his matted hair and looked at her from his gentle blue eyes.

"I'd hate to be offish with him—about old times, too. He looked kind o' sick, didn't he? A man seemed to be helping him around the yard."

He went about his work all that day in a disturbed meditation, glancing toward his neighbor's house, which still wore the uncommunicative aspect of long disuse. Later, as he was returning from the orchard, he set down his basket of apples and stood with his eyes fixed thoughtfully upon one of the windows, whose blinds had been partially opened and through which he might draw some knowledge of the silent interior; it was like an eye, drowsy and half closed, but full of a subtle intelligence.

He bent down with his hand upon his basket again when Mrs. Basset came toward him hastily. There were traces of a recent astonishment yet lingering on her face.

"Jo," she said, "Mrs. Whitcomb is in the house!"

"Mrs. Whitcomb?" repeated the farmer's voice, uncertainly. "Where is Mrs. Whitcomb?"

"Why, in the sitting-room, to be sure, just at present. She wants a room of her own, though, to keep for several days, or maybe a week. You see, her husband has something the matter with his eyes, and the doctor would not treat them unless he left the city and came to some quiet place. He is run down and nervous at the same time, and his old home was

the most convenient place to come. He brought nobody with him except a man-servant who knows how to nurse and take care of him. They wouldn't let her—his wife, even—come with him; but she was so anxious about him that she has followed them here, and now, as she can't go over there in face of the doctor's orders, she wants us to keep her. She's a devoted little wife, and of course I consented."

Her husband patted her approvingly on the arm and prepared to go in to his guest.

In the meantime, in the Basset sitting-room stood a little woman attired in a jaunty sailor-hat and a dress of soft and flowing elegance. Her eyes were directed toward the window and upon the house in the distance.

"It is very foolish of me," she was thinking, "and when Henry is perhaps suffering. But I can't help it; after a few days, he will be able to go about, and he is sure to see that woman again. She may be a designing sort of woman, for all I know, and may want to amuse herself with him; or she may be desperately in love with him yet, and he, being weak and nervous and in such a state of health anyhow, why, there's no telling what she might do—or he either, for that matter. Oh, what am I saying?—or thinking?—it's all one. How Henry would feel if he knew!"

And she gave her small foot a vicious stamp that set her ruffles fluttering from shoulder to toe, like the rustle of a tree and its innumerable leaves.

"I suppose I must put on the ugly mask of deception and smile and smile and be a villain, for I'm not a bit frightened about him. If he could only be in alarming danger without its being serious! I believe it would be easier then; but he can't, and what shall I do?"

After a few moments of agitated rustling up and down the room, she resumed:

"I don't mind her being pretty; lots of country girls are that and are perfect failures; for they are likely to be simple too. But if she's smart enough to have style about her, I think I shall grow distracted. Henry is always perfectly infat-

uated with style. That involves the worst part of it; to be stylish, one must be very sharp and clever, and to have an air about one takes a clear head and artful scheming. Oh, I'll be scared to death if she's a stylish woman!"

When Mrs. Basset and her husband re-entered the house, a cordial welcome was given her and a room prepared for her upstairs. But her field of operations lay below, amid the informalities of household custom. In conversation, she skirted along the channel of her thoughts and talked in ambush of the subject that engrossed and tormented her.

"Mr. Whitcomb was born in that very house, wasn't he?" she inquired, by way of challenging remark.

"Oh, yes; he was born and raised in this part of the country." And as Mrs. Basset moved over to the kitchen stove with the iron in her hand, the floor shook under her heavy tread. Mrs. Whitcomb glanced involuntarily down at her own light, trimly clad foot and then said:

"I suppose you knew him, didn't you? Maybe you were together at quiltings or singing-school, or wherever it is the young people go for amusement?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Basset, smiling broadly. "My husband and I knew him well. We always called him Little Whit, because he was somewhat slight and never stout like the other boys."

"I have heard them say he was quite a favorite with the girls out here—he always was graceful and had a taking way with him—and that in fact, when he was quite young, he fell desperately in love with one of them," said Mrs. Whitcomb, in a careless manner. "They try to tease me about that now. What a beautiful tidy this is!" and she leaned over admiringly to a coarse crocheted netting fastened to the back of a chair. Then, throwing herself lightly back again, she added: "I suppose you can tell quite a story about it?"

"About the tidy?" echoed Mrs. Basset, in pleased surprise. "Oh, yes; how could you guess? When I was just fifteen years old, I had four grandmothers living—two great ones, you know—and they all knit that for me. I think all



the world of it; everyone regards it as a great curiosity."

Mrs. Whitcomb was disappointed at this result—albeit she was momentarily startled at the remarkable incident itself—and resolved not to make a second mistake.

"Indeed! It is certainly wonderful. I'm surprised that you use it about the house. But your having no children makes many things possible. Mr. Basset is such a strong man! I envy him when I think of my husband. Henry will have to stay here several weeks perhaps, and how I'm to go back home without him is hard to tell. But he will meet some of his old friends again when he is stronger. That girl he especially liked—she is here, is she?" she asked, complacently gathering in with thumb and finger the ruffle that fell about her wrist.

"The girl? Oh, yes, she's here," responded Mrs. Basset.

"I suppose she is a woman now?"

"Yes, she's a woman now, of course."

"I wonder if I couldn't see her sometime. I have a great curiosity about her. Oh, who is that?" and she sprang to the window. "What a fine rider she is, and doesn't she look splendid on horseback? That isn't a country girl, is it? She isn't that woman, is she?" She started painfully and fixed her eyes upon Mrs. Basset's imperturbable face.

"Oh, no, that isn't the woman. But she's from this neighborhood, though. She's one of the Brockville girls; they all ride."

"She's very fashionably dressed; she looks as if she came from the city," mused Mrs. Whitcomb. Then she blushed a little and entered the battle bravely.

"Is this other woman nice-looking?"

"Everyone seems to think her a good-looking woman. Mr. Whitcomb used to think so," and Mrs. Basset's iron slid smoothly over a shining napkin.

The disturbed wife was fast losing a calm view of the situation. She rose and sauntered to a glass hanging against the wall, saying with an hysterical laugh:

"Papa and aunt say that he only married me because I was pretty. But I'm

positively getting wrinkled now, and Henry can't endure wrinkles." She looked in with a frown at the puckered forehead reflected in the glass. To herself, she was saying: "To go back home and leave him here with her, and I not knowing what she is like—I can't do it! Silly unreasonable child that I am!"

"She is married now," suggested Mrs. Basset.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so. All attractive women get married. Women in the country follow the fashions a great deal nowadays, don't they? I mean, if they are clever enough. I suppose they copy the pictures they see, and follow the directions of the magazines."

"This woman takes a magazine; I have often seen it," interposed Mrs. Basset.

"Oh, does she?" exclaimed the troubled little woman. "Now, then, do you know if she wears bell skirts or circular skirts?" She bent over upon the edge of the ironing-board, her chin in her hand, while her clouded gaze followed now the gliding iron and was now raised to the face of the farmer's wife. "Maybe she wears the umbrella skirt; I always detest it. An umbrella never was anything but ugly. I'd hate to think of the ungraceful thing dangling around me. Does she call it that?" she asked, anxiously. "They are cut like this," and with her slender fingers she drew an imaginary figure suggestive of a cone in shape, cutting out its apex carefully. "It works like a charm, is plain and smooth at the waist, but the bottom is perfectly beautiful—is very full and stands away out like this. A genius made that pattern! Does she wear that kind of a skirt?"

Mrs. Basset shook her head.

"Some of her skirts are tolerable wide. She's considered a very well-dressed woman among her friends."

"Does she have puffs on her sleeves or her shoulders, and big ruffles, the kind that stand out and give a woman such a magnificent air? Oh, I've seen ladies that looked positively sublime in their big silky sleeves, and, when the dresses are light, covered with lovely



lace; and you see them gliding around in a room full of people—oh, they look," and she paused with a long convulsive sigh, "they look like floating angels!"

There was a silence of profound absorption for a moment, when she resumed:

"Maybe she stuffs her sleeves with cotton wadding. Does she? That gives a striking effect."

Mrs. Basset's fund of information was not extensive, and her questioner was in despair when she only maintained stolidly:

"Yes, she is, no doubt, considered to be a smartly dressed woman."

"I wonder, now, if she ever wore a Derby collar? Has she gloves and shoes to match her dresses or to give an harmonious contrast?"

Mrs. Basset had nothing further to say, and, piling up the handkerchiefs, went from the room, vouchsafing no grain of comfort.

The day after they had seen the doctor drive away from the Whitcomb home, Farmer Basset said:

"I can't stand this way of doing any longer. If Whitcomb doesn't like it, I can walk back again across lots; but I'm going over. It looks inhuman to have an old neighbor back home again, and never go near him."

Mrs. Whitcomb learned of his decision, and, with loosely flowing skirt caught up in one hand and shading her eyes from the sun with the other, she tripped over the path that had long been lost in overgrowing grasses, through which the farmer had made his way only a few minutes before. She crossed a wide porch at the back of the house, ascended a flight of narrow uncarpeted stairs, and advanced on tiptoe down the hall toward a room from which she heard sounds as of someone moving. She placed her open palm lightly against the door, which was slightly ajar, and stood listening. Farmer Basset's deep tones were saying:

"Don't you know who I am? You haven't forgotten that Jo Basset lives in this neighborhood, have you?"

Mrs. Whitcomb pushed the door ever so little and looked in. Her heart swelled up within her.

"Oh, my poor dear husband, how thin he looks, with that shade over his eyes! If it wasn't for that horrid woman, I'd go back home where I belong."

The accusing tears were streaming down her face as she looked at the two men in the darkened room.

Farmer Basset had put his hand upon the sick man's chair, and the latter had covered its brown breadth with both his white ones; his eyes were bandaged from the light.

"You, old Jo Basset?" he said, eagerly. "This is good of you. A farmer learns never to lose a minute's sunshine, and yet you come into this dark hole! You're a splendid fellow, Jo!"

"I'm powerfully glad to see you. You don't look bad, you know—just a little rest is all you need," and Basset proceeded to shake his friend's hand heartily. "You've forgotten our quarrel, then?"

"Our quarrel?" said the other, wondering. "What quarrel, Jo? You don't mean any of those quibbles we were always having? I don't seem to remember," and he turned his unseeing face upward inquiringly.

"Oh, you've forgotten it! Now, I tell you I'm mighty glad of that. I might have known it, seeing that you are married yourself. About my wife—don't you remember, old boy?"

"Your wife?" responded the other, and then a beaming smile broke forth upon his face. "Clara? Of course, I remember now. She was a fine girl, and it did hurt me, spring chicken that I was, when you got in ahead of me there. Forgotten it!" and his laugh rang merrily in spite of his weakness. "Well, I should say I have. You ought to see Mrs. Whitcomb! I would have her here now, but the doctor insists on rest for me, and says I'm in a perpetual delirium when Mrs. Whitcomb is by. It's hard medicine—worse than any in his bottles. Do you wonder I didn't remember our old quarrel? It's fun, though; I'm glad you reminded me of it."

Farmer Basset rubbed his hands in glee; nothing could have delighted him more than seeing his friend in such spirits.

Mrs. Whitcomb stood without the door, the very tears stopped upon her face in the consternation of the moment. Mrs. Basset, with her straw hat shaped like a bent scoop-shovel and its dejected trimming, her round basque with its buttons down the front, the skirt with its bunch of fullness around the waist, the dull thick shoes—this was the vision that rose in her mind. This was the woman over whom she had been grieving! With trembling step and downcast head, she made her way down the stairs, out into the open air, and there held council with her own follies and humiliation.

The next day, she sat in the farmer's wagon, under the shade of his big black

umbrella, with her own silk one by her side in its newest cover, and behind them was her trunk. Mrs. Basset stood in the doorway, seeing them start.

"Yes, Henry will be all right, with you to watch him now and then," she said, cheerfully, from her high seat. "I shall be perfectly satisfied. Let me know, of course, if he should get worse—and the doctor says he won't. You've been very kind to me, let me say again, and good-bye!"

She was driven off with a heart freed of its burden and as light as the step of the fleet-footed horses, silently blessing the harmlessness of an unfashionable woman.



## THE YELLOW ENVELOPE.

BY MARY A. DENISON.



WHEN Oswald Clarke was one of the chiefs of division in the Census Bureau in the year 18—, he had control of a department containing nearly two hundred clerks. They were women of all ages, seated closely together—punchers, stampers, and tabulators—who were expected to be in their seats every morning when the clock struck nine.

Silence was the imperative rule, and it was a strange sight to watch the intent expression pervading even the youngest faces as they concentrated their attention upon the work in hand.

Oswald Clarke was a grave quiet man, handsome in the best acceptation of the term and zealously devoted to whatever work he took in hand. To say as little of his career as possible, he had always

been what the world calls unfortunate. His life had failed in the one element that would have made it a success, but he possessed moral and mental greatness enough to accept his fate and to believe in the ultimate triumph of principle, sometime, somewhere. After he was given a position under Government, he seemed in a measure contented at his desk.

Youth was not his, but health and hope were; and his nature was not too self-centred to lose all interest in the outside world. He had his dreams, his artistic fancies and moments of inspiration. Better even than these, he felt that he had found his ideal.

One day, when going in the round-about way he sometimes chose to his office, he was attracted by a small slight figure somewhat in advance of him. The

cool gray dress, the three white flowers in the neat chip hat, the graceful poise of the head, had for the moment an absorbing interest. A curious intuition disposed him to follow her, and, though he had not seen her face and did not expect to see it, yet he was eager to keep the lithe little figure within the radius of his vision.

Down the well-shaded street she went, crossed Pennsylvania Avenue, and there paused for a moment at the turn of the street.

"She will take a car," he said to himself, "and I shall lose her. I wonder who she can be, or why I should be interested in her movements."

As if to give emphasis to his thought, the young woman turned her glance toward him. Her eyes fell, the color mounted in her cheeks. She started as if to go up the street, when a pretty young girl with sparkling black eyes came out of the corner store.

"I thought I should catch you!" she said, in a clear ringing voice. "I was waiting, but went in to buy some lace. Oh, here is Uncle Oswald. My dear Lily, you must know my uncle—Mr. Clarke, Miss Lily Leighton."

The chief lifted his hat, looking straight into the frank brown eyes that met his gaze. The face of the girl was what might be called intense in character, and yet was informed with a sweetness of expression that made it singularly attractive. He saw her in an idealized atmosphere, and he said to himself:

"She is very, very beautiful."

Eleanor Clarke, his niece, who thoroughly loved the ring of her own voice, chatted all the way to the door of the office, where they all went in together.

"So we belong to the same guild of workers," said Oswald Clarke, smiling.

"Yes, and I am very glad to be permitted to make the acquaintance of my chief," Lily said, modestly, her sweet face all alight.

The duties of his office were a pleasure to Oswald Clarke, that day. Hitherto, the little world of workers had been utterly overlooked by him. He had scarcely noticed the pretty faces of some,

the-jaded expression of the many; but it was not long now before he found that Miss Lily Leighton belonged to the fourth form—so designated in his mind—and that she could be seen at a particular angle from his desk.

Chary as he was of his opportunities, for his work demanded close attention, he nevertheless availed himself of the chance to look from his vantage-ground more than once that day.

"Isn't she beautiful? Isn't she lovely?" his niece exclaimed, as she met her uncle after office-hours. "What do you suppose makes her so sweet and happy all the time, and what lights her face so? Don't you think she is by far the handsomest girl in the office? Oh, of course! Who could hold a candle to her? No one that I know. But, to see all the subtle reflections of thought in her beautiful face, you should know her well. But then, I don't expect you to go into raptures over Miss Leighton. You are a confirmed old bachelor, and I told her so."

"And what did she say to that?" asked her uncle, and Eleanor was a little struck by the suppressed eagerness of the question.

"Why, she said you were very handsome—no, striking-looking, that was the word," was the reply, as his niece collected her thoughts; "and I think she added that she had wished to know you. Really, I have forgotten most of the conversation."

Her uncle smiled and was not vain enough to feel particularly impressed by Eleanor's candor. He did, however, acknowledge to himself that never in his life had he met a face that so thoroughly interested him or that remained so indelibly engraved upon his memory. It seemed to him sometimes that there was some subtle sympathy between them. Perhaps Eleanor was the medium through whose personality this seeming union of thought and feeling was established. It is very certain that to her uncle she was always extolling the beauty and sweetness of Lily, and to Miss Leighton the many and great virtues of her Uncle Oswald, so that the two were kept en rapport

without the aid of constant meeting or oral communication.

When the National Band, in its gorgeous uniforms, played on the President's grounds or at the east front of the Capitol, Eleanor and Lily were sure to be joined by their chief; and if Lily's sweet face lighted up at sight of him, and she joined in praise of the music, the picturesque surroundings of the White House, or the grandeur of the view from Capitol Hill, he treasured her every word and glance and reinvested them with life and meaning in the solitude of his home.

With chary rapture, however. When had he ever possessed the thing he coveted, either in pleasure, business, or love? Was the one great gift of a pure woman's love, after all the illusions that had vanished, to be accorded to him? For he loved that girl with the flower-like face, as he had never thought he could love. He had dreamed many dreams, but never before with such a flavor of heaven in them. The present was all-absorbing, the past utterly forgotten. He was always happy, but now the cup of anticipation was full to the brim. The predetermining influence of heredity which had made him a poet by nature, a man of artistic tastes and moods, had also given him a sweet and joyous disposition which no untoward fate had power to change, and which would be sure to make the woman he might choose for a wife the happiest of her sex.

His bachelor home was presided over by a sister to whom "brother Oswald" was all that she asked for—the presiding genius, the very providence of her life. There were times in which the slender quiet little woman with the large blue eyes, the soft peach-bloom on either fair cheek, and the quiet footfall, hoped that Oswald would never marry. Why should he? He was over thirty now. Who could make sweeter bread than "sister Emmy," more delicious suet-puddings, or bake a dish of beans with the old Boston flavor better than she? Was not his home kept for him with the most delicate appreciation of fitness and neatness? There were books on the library-shelves, for the possession of which he

had sometimes almost beggared himself. There was his violin, a polished yellow beauty, upon which he played with the precision of a virtuoso and the touch of a genius. Then there was her own piano, and he had been kind enough to say that no one he knew could take her place as an accompanist.

His domestic matters went on in a routine that was very near perfection, so refined and well ordered they were. Never did he find a button missing or a thread out of place. Why should he marry?

Because, if she could have known it, a sort of half-unconscious longing had entered into his life. In a way, she felt it. With a prescience born of her love, Emily Clarke felt—nay, knew—that Oswald was changed. The very tones which he made the violin utter—now tragic, now tender—were informed by some subtle power that came near to interpreting his secret.

What, then, was his dismay when, one day, Eleanor burst into his parlor, through which the fast-sinking sun sent a lurid glory, and, throwing herself in the first chair she came to, with a long-drawn breath exclaimed:

"Oh, Uncle Oswald!"

"Why, Eleanor!" and Mr. Oswald Clarke rose from his chair, laid aside his yellow "fiddle," the pet of his lonesome hours, and stood near her as she pettishly threw her jaunty little head-gear, regardless of its plumage, toward a not distant receptacle, and laughed almost hysterically as it came short of its destination, alighting on the back of a respectable old Maltese cat, whose ire, as she lifted herself and the bonnet with her, was comical to see.

"Well, I suppose it is foolish for me to care," Eleanor began, "and I don't care—only that you—that I hoped—well, I needn't make myself miserable about it, that I see—or you either."

To these disjointed unintelligible sentences, her uncle listened, his face growing slowly pale. What was coming, and why need he hear it? Was it not already written in his heart—visible to his inner consciousness?



"You know, we have often wondered what kept Lily so happy under the constant strain of work, and she so fragile and alone in the world," Eleanor began, hurrying a little for fear her Aunt Emily might come in. "Well, would you have believed it? She is engaged—has been engaged these ten years. Oh, how I utterly hate those heathenish engagements! He is a lawyer, but has been greatly hampered—unfortunate, too, in some ways; and a mother and sister and two brothers depend upon him for support. It seems to me he can't be much of a man," she went on, "to wait that long. She could have helped—she never would have hindered. Why has he deliberately thrown away all these years of happiness? Well, they are both working, you see, and saving. I think she is an idiot, and I almost told her so."

"Why should you blame her?" her uncle asked, after the first throes of the anguish that shook his whole being had subsided. "It is an evidence of her womanliness, her love. Great God! how some women can love!"

"I shouldn't—I couldn't!" Eleanor cried, with an emphasis that sounded almost vindictive. "Such an engagement would become like fetters to me. Besides, you are his superior, every way. To-day, she showed me his picture. He's ugly—positively ugly! And I do believe she has to keep reminding herself of his sterling qualities, as she calls them, and the vows she has plighted, in order to keep faith with him at all."

"Why, Eleanor, what are you driving at?" was her uncle's response. "Your words are invested with too large a meaning. Did you dare to think—"

"Yes, I did," said blunt Eleanor, as his voice wavered and stopped. "I dared to think that you loved her and she loved you; and I believe in my heart of hearts she does, anyway," was her half-coherent answer.

Oswald Clarke's glance kindled. He had on his lips some stinging rebuke, when gentle Aunt Emily came into the room, her blue eyes dilating as she saw the excitement visible in the manner of her niece.

Traces of a restless night were visible in the chief's face, as he took his place in his division on the following morning. He had fought a battle with himself and conquered. The only woman he had ever loved belonged by virtue of her engagement to another man. It was what he had vaguely expected would happen, for had not his right of way been always disputed, first and last?

And yet he could not at once forget her sweet and gracious ways, her lovely face that had kept him company in many a day-dream. How could she help being kind and gentle to all who approached her? It was her nature. He made excuses for the quick flush, the sudden brightness of her eyes at his approach, the tone of caressing in her soft voice, and blamed himself for ever having taken hope.

The fiat had gone forth that one hundred and twenty employees were to be dismissed in Oswald Clarke's division. The list of the condemned was brought to him. Eagerly he scanned it, but Lily Leighton and Eleanor Clarke were not down.

A messenger appeared soon after, his arms filled with yellow envelopes.

There are envelopes of all sorts—the dainty devices on some, the rich tinting and fine texture of others keeping in line with the delicate missive enwrapped therein; but in Washington the yellow envelope is a sign of terror, and to some the very knell of death.

Every eye watched, as, going his methodical round, the papers were distributed.

For the first time, many a woman knew the terrible significance of an envelope. Brave hearts failed as they read the few but appalling lines:

"Your services as clerk in this bureau will not be required after this date."

Widows whose little children were dependent upon their exertions for the bread they ate, girls who had left in their humble lodgings some sad-eyed invalid mother, father, or sister, felt the cold iron of despair enter their hearts.

None felt more deeply than the chief of division the import of those dread



dismissals. Looking from his niche in the little railed-off room in which he sat, he gazed along the rows of girls in whose faces the strong realism of defeat had taken the place of roses and dimples. His eyes wandered, as they always did of late, to the face of the woman he loved.

What did he see?

In her hands she held a yellow envelope, on her face were the marks of white despair. One moment she gazed bewilderedly around, then swayed, then fell in a death-like swoon. The terror, or whatever it was, became at once contagious. Two or three other women fainted, some abandoned themselves to weeping, others yet cried out in anguish.

The chief left his desk at once and made an effort to restore order. Many of the women and girls were leaving the rooms. Lily had been taken away; he could find neither her nor Eleanor, who was probably with her friend.

"What in the world was the meaning of that yellow envelope?" he muttered to himself. "Her name is not on the list. Well, I don't care about seeing that sight again. The very air is full of protest."

Eleanor met him at lunch-time, in a neat little restaurant near the office.

"It was a telegram," she said, answering the question in his glance. "Her lover has been killed in a railway accident!"

His heart gave great leaps as he listened. He could not help it, though he rated himself inwardly as a presumptuous fool. Not for a moment did he try to deceive himself. Was that whitening of cheek for nothing? Would she have fallen so like a stone if she had not suffered?

"Of course, the shock was awful, coming in such a time of excitement," said Eleanor, holding a small and shapely oyster on the tip of her fork. "But she'll get over it," she went on, complacently; "girls do, generally. I took her home at once—oh, such a shabby boarding-house down-town! I'm sure they never have chicken there. I knew you would sanction my daring deed—to

go without your permission; but she was not able to stay. How she trembled all the way there! I left her lying down, her cheek as white as the pillow it rested upon. I wonder what she will do, now this motive for exertion is taken out of her life!"

"Die, perhaps," her uncle made response.

"Not the least danger in the world," said flippant Eleanor. "Her fainting meant too little or too much. It will take her some time to comprehend the situation. Just think how pleasant she might have made that man's home all these long years! I hate long engagements. Ten years! why, it's a lifetime."

So perhaps thought the chief—yes, a long lifetime. With her, a year would mean a lifetime, to him—yes, to have and to hold for one little year. And she was free!

To say that he did not hope, perhaps unconsciously, as he stood at his desk on the following morning, would be a direct denial of his manhood. The great storm which yesterday he had experienced had cleared the atmosphere of his passion, and he was calmly waiting for the turn of events.

There were some new faces in the division, but Lily did not return till after three days of absence. Then the chief felt the mingling of a strange dread with the sympathy her presence evoked. She was the same, yet not the same. Her sweet face wore the usual dreamy absorbed expression that had always characterized it; but an overshadowing presence seemed, to the eyes that watched her, to change her personality in some mysterious way. Was she thinking of her lost lover? And did his spirit dominate her, still claiming her as his beyond the grave?

"I don't understand her," he said to himself, as he walked with his niece slowly down Pennsylvania Avenue, one day, after business hours.

It was a glorious sunset. The tall sleepy-looking buildings on both sides were kindled into a momentary splendor as the flicker of rosy light ran from window to window. Fine equipages flashed by, notably the finest that of the Russian

Minister, and not far behind him the handsome carriage of the President, drawn by two splendid bays.

The Capitol seemed invested with a whiter radiance, so clear was the atmosphere; a rift of dying sunshine just touched it on cornice, on pillar, and roof, then faded into dreamlike shadows, tinted yellowly.

Then he said aloud:

"I don't understand her."

"I do," said Eleanor, who had seemed to be in a brown study. "I didn't yesterday, but I do to-day. She told me all about it. Shall I tell you, here on the street?"

"No, wait," he said, his voice a little unsteady.

They went up Fifteenth Street to I, and somewhere between Seventeenth and Eighteenth stopped at the chief's home.

Eleanor went in, her uncle followed. The parlor was empty, for Aunt Emily was busy with her culinary affairs.

"Uncle Oswald," said Eleanor, abruptly, stopping and standing with her back to the door after he had entered, "that telegram was a—mistake."

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed, standing, hat in hand.

"I mean that Lily's lover wasn't killed. Another telegram came soon after the first. He was alive and well—escaped with a few slight bruises. What do you think of that?"

Her voice was solemn, so were her eyes; the room was almost dark.

The chief said nothing. If Eleanor had hoped to achieve a dramatic situation, she had succeeded. He was utterly dumb, but what thoughts chased each other through his brain! What emotions assailed him! At once, he knew what he had been hoping. An ominous paleness began to spread over his face.

The same old pitiless fate was upon him; the apple had turned to ashes in his hand.

"And then," continued Eleanor, a curious gleam in her dark eyes, "I really don't know how to tell you—I feel so ashamed of him; then he sent her a letter. Oh, I shouldn't like to read that letter—releasing her from her engagement—after ten years! He had arguments—arguments!" and her voice was full of scorn. "What kind of a man can he be?"

The chief trembled from head to foot. He dared not attempt to analyze his own feelings.

"A contemptible coward!" he said, between his teeth.

"Yes, and traitor to boot. She told me in part, and I guessed in part; and, Uncle Oswald, I think—I believe she despises him. She sent back her ring; she sent back three lines in writing—he's not worth one—and I dare to say that she is glad, now that the torture is over—yes, glad, poor dear little soul! Uncle Oswald, you don't know how much I love her!"

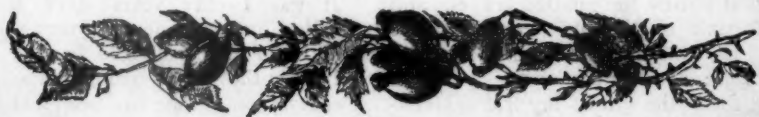
"So do I!" his heart echoed. "I love her! I love her!"

For once, fortune smiled; for once, no mocking fate disputed his right of way. It was not long before Oswald Clarke claimed his own; it was not long before wedding-bells were chiming.

Did the romance end with the wedding?


He went back to his desk, and she remained in that beautiful home, under the wing of dear worshipful Aunt Emily.

Eleanor declares that there could not be a happier couple in all the wide world than Lily and Uncle Oswald.



## THE END OF HER WAITING.

BY ELLEN F. WYCOFF (MARY WILSON).

T was a new sensation to Dolly—this perfect, beautiful happiness. It seemed to her that some wonderful new brightness must have settled down over the world.

And it was only this morning that she had dusted the old brown dress and tried to brighten it with a fresh collar and pink bow. Only this morning—scarcely twelve hours ago—she had pinned on the brown hat, with its dejected “droopy” bows, and wondered if she must walk about under it all the summer. And now it was all away back in that pitiful past!

For at noon a telegram had come for her. She was eating her lunch, so daintily put up by Aunt Harriet, when the messenger-boy came into the little back room of the millinery store and handed her a yellow envelope. And the opening of it was all that lay between the old world and the new. Just that tiny isthmus of time between the old life and the new. Everything was changed as by magic, and she wanted to take the freckled-faced boy in her arms and kiss him then and there; but instead, she wrote her name in the book he held out to her, and, when he was gone, she read the scrawling lines again.

“It is all right. Coming to-morrow. ROBERT.”

That was all; but oh, the meaning of it! It meant an end of the years of weary waiting. It meant comfort and happiness and rest and the fulfillment of countless lovely dreams. It meant everything to the woman who had waited and waited for her wedding-day.

And it meant that an heir had been found at last by the puzzled lawyers, and the fortune of the old Western miner would no longer go a-begging for someone to use it. For the miner's will had called for “the son of my friend Garrison Brent,” and Robert was the fortunate man.

Dolly's hands were not quite steady that afternoon, when she fitted one after another of the pretty hats over her Cousin Kitty's yellow bangs, and Kitty was hard to please.

“You ain't interested, Dolly; your eyes are dreamy. Do you know Robert is coming home? Amy told me; they had a telegram. He is the heir; isn't he rich? But he's had a hard time taking care of his mother and sisters and Mrs. Brown's children. That one is a little too close; try a flaring brim.”

Dolly brought another hat and patiently laid the blue feathers around it.

“Maybe you'll be getting married now,” Kitty said, smiling under the drooping plumes, “now that Robert is a rich man.”

Dolly flushed and bent over the hats on the counter.

“It looks like it's time,” Kitty went on, “if you are engaged, as people say. But long engagements rarely ever end in marriage, mother says. Yes, this one will do. Get it ready by Sunday, Dolly; and I nearly forgot—mother told me to ask if Aunt Harriet is through with her headache.”

And when Dolly had answered, pretty, dimpled, rosy-cheeked, yellow-haired Kitty tripped out of the store.

But it was not of her pretty cousin that Dolly thought now, as she lay in the hammock under the low spreading magnolia-tree down by the gate. She was resting and thinking of the blessedness of this new world that had formed itself about her—the world that held Robert all her own, and a home that she would make beautiful for him.

It was twenty years since Robert, standing by her under this very tree, all in blossom then, had told her the sweet old story that every maiden must hear. Twenty years! She had been a slip of a girl then, awkwardly conscious of her first long dress; and Robert, a boy

scarcely older than herself, had blushed and stammered over the story that is never easy to tell.

And then his father had died, and his mother and sisters; and, later on, a family of little orphaned nephews and nieces had been left to him.

Dolly was the first to say that they must wait. She could see how impossible it would be for Robert to take care of them all. He left school and worked bravely on the old farm, and the waiting had gone on.

So twenty years crept away. Dolly had remained in her aunt's home, helping with the children at first, and afterward working down-town; for her aunt's daughters needed everything, now that they were grown up, and Dolly was used to looking out for herself.

But there had always been the love that bound her and Robert to each other. Not even the slenderest shadow had ever fallen between them.

And now the waiting was over at last, and she would be Robert's wife. She would rather have waited for this than to have been a queen long ago.

It seemed to her that the very leaves knew and trembled, as she did, with joy; and the stars twinkled down between them, as if they too knew all about it.

The town clock struck ten, and Patty and Ben came in from the reading club. They always lingered a little at the gate, as the manner of lovers is, you know.

Dolly smiled as the soft murmur of their voices came to her. She wondered if the poor young things would ever be as happy as she was then!

And then, as they walked slowly up the path, words began to grow out of the soft murmur.

"Bob Brent has struck it, they say," Ben remarked, in his elegant way, and Patty replied mournfully:

"Ah, yes. How sorry I am for Dolly! Poor, faithful, loving Dolly!"

"Sorry? Why, isn't she in it? I thought they were—"

"Why, Ben," Patty broke in, with tears in her little babyish voice, "can't you see that Dolly is only a faded middle-aged woman now, while Robert

is in his prime—the handsomest man in town? And haven't you noticed how he admires Kitty? It was all well enough when he couldn't marry; but now—"

But the words were indistinct again; Dolly heard no more.

She had risen from the hammock and was standing, white and still, in the glare of the electric light. The stars were mocking her now up above the lower light, and the breezes were whispering of the twenty years that had toiled over her, carrying her freshness away.

Ben saw her there when he came down to the gate, and bowed with a cheery "Good-night, Miss Dolly," and went whistling his newest favorite down the street.

Then Dolly crept up to her room.

"And I would have let him do it! I never would have thought of the change. Oh, the shame, the humiliation of it! To think that I, a faded middle-aged woman, would have held him to the promise made to a fair young girl twenty long years ago! He was too true and noble to let me know, too tender to hurt me. If only I had seen! It is all so different with women, but I never thought of it before. It would not matter to me how changed Robert might be; I'd love him only the more, if he needed more. But he is grandly handsome and—and he must have a—a young, pretty wife. It is best, I see that—best for Robert and for her and for me; for I couldn't bear to have him sorry or—or ashamed."

She loosed her dress at the throat and pressed her hands against her temples.

"He mustn't be—ashamed of his—wife, dear faithful Robert. He must be happy, now that the world is brighter for him. I can bear it—for him."

And then she wrote a letter, and, when it was finished, she knelt by her bedside; and the stars twinkled in, and the breezes fanned her pale calm face. Faded? Oh, the beauty of it as she knelt there giving up all she held dear! What are dimples and all fresh prettiness to a beauty like that? You only get to the soul after these are gone!

In the morning, before any of the household was awake, she took the letter



and carried it out to the mail-box on the corner; and then she went to the hammock under the magnolia, and watched the sun rise down at the end of the cross street.

Presently the gate-latch clicked, and then a pair of strong arms folded themselves about her, and her head was on Robert's broad shoulder, and he was telling her how he had longed for her, and what an age the last week had been.

"You would have been sorry for me, Dolly," he was saying; "for, in my hurry getting off, I left your last photograph in the pocket of the coat I'd been wearing, and there was only the childish little thing taken twenty years ago! Forgive me, dear, but it's more like your little silly-faced Cousin Kitty than it is like you. There, don't be vexed—I know you are not very like her now; but, between us, I believe you were in those first days, though it is hard to think of my beautiful full-blown rose as anything less lovely and sweet than she is now. But you will soon be my very own, Dolly, and I shan't be missing a photograph when I have you."

Dolly held her breath. She was in the new world again.

"Do you really want me, Robert?" she asked, a glad light in her dark-blue eyes.

"I'll show you pretty soon. Want you? Oh, Dolly!" and then he went on, laughing happily as he told her his plan.

"I'm coming to-night with Mr. Sims, and I'm going to claim my wife and take her away with me. What a jolly tour ours shall be! Yes, I know there is always trouble about clothes and things; but we won't let that make the waiting longer. Put on the little blue frock and come away with me. I want you, and I've waited twenty years; and now I must hurry to mother and Amy and the small army of young people. I'll come for my wife at nine, Dolly. Will she be ready?"

What could she say but 'yes'?

And then how her happy eyes followed him as long as his broad shoulders were in sight!

She stood by the gate until the postman came to take up the mail, and then she flew out to him and begged for the letter she had dropped through the slot an hour ago.

"It's against the rules, Miss Dolly," he said; but she held out her hand and lifted her pleading eyes to him, and he laid the letter across her palm.

Then the breakfast-bell rang, and Dolly went in to tell them that her wedding-day was come.



#### DESIRE.

BY RAY RICHMOND.

A QUAIN old clock in the corridor stood,  
Ticking the hours away;  
While baby, seated upon my lap,  
Longed with the ticker to play.

We mortals here in life's corridor stand,  
Watching, day by day,  
With sober eyes, the hours that flit,  
And with destiny long to play.



## THE MOSQUES OF TLEMCEN.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR BARCLAY.



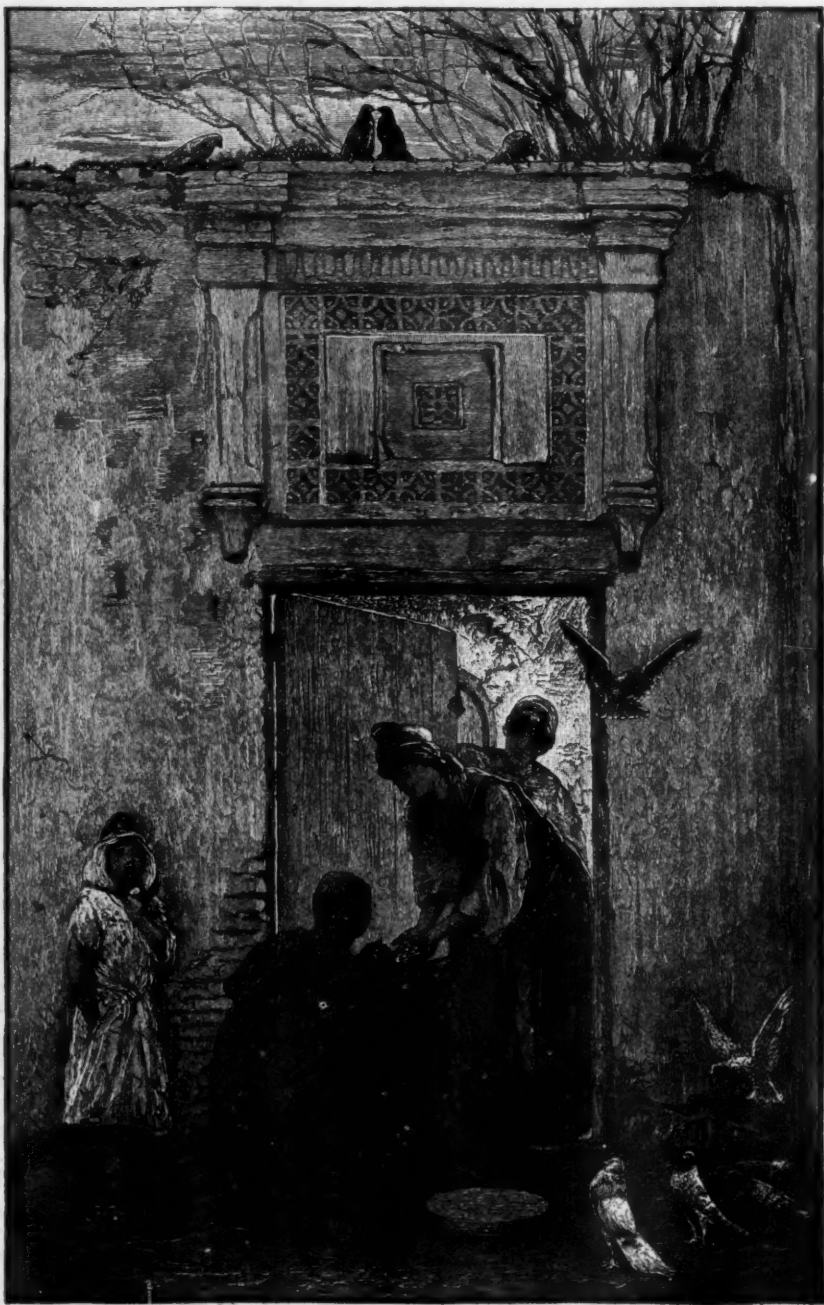
T was not until I visited Tlemcen that I realized how thoroughly Saracenic in character are the towns of the islands in the Bay of Naples.

Those who have visited Procida, Ana, Capri, or Forio in the island of Ischia, can perfectly picture the appearance of the Hadhar. In the streets of Tlemcen, however, the uniformity of white wall is relieved here and there by some piece of architectural elegance. The illustration given of a doorway is an example. Whilst sketching this subject, a poor negro sat on the ground strumming a tambourine and singing for alms; in response, the mistress of the house opened her door and poured figs into a bag which the negro kept ready to receive such gratuities. The incident was concluded in a moment, and the action caused by thus giving in kind instead of in money, realized the Biblical expression relating to the good wife: "She reacheth forth her hands to the needy."

The glory of Tlemcen lies in its mosques. An Arab record shows that sixty-one formerly adorned the city, but of this imposing list I could only discover ten. The more important of these structures are planned upon similar lines. They are oblong enclosures, externally plain white walls, the minaret and grand portal being the only decorative features. The chief entrance, at one end, leads to an open court, in the centre of which is a fountain, and on three of its sides a corridor with arched colonnade, in the manner of a mediæval cloister. On the fourth, the one opposite the entrance, is the mosque proper, "El Jamad," the place of assembly. This is usually open to the court, and consists in a series of horseshoe arches that support a flat roof, and springing from successive rows of low columns that run at right angles to those which constitute the façade of the mosque. In the outer wall, in the depth

of the building, is the "mihrab," or sanctuary, a semicircular recess with vaulted roof; and close to this is the "mimbar," or pulpit, from which the "Imam" leads the chant of the Koran. The illumination is chiefly derived from the outer court, which, flooded with intense sunlight, sheds a soft glow of reflected light throughout the mosque. To aid in relieving the obscurity of its depths, the outer wall is pierced with small windows artistically designed. They are delicate perforations in white plaster, combined in beautiful patterns. Their effect depends upon the proportion that the dimensions of the openings bear to the thickness of the plaster. The light passes through a network of white passages, or, so to say, little tunnels; these only admit direct light from a distance. Thus seen, a window presents the appearance of a constellation of stars glittering in the gloom; upon a nearer approach, the effect is softened, the light being reflected from the white plaster forming the sides of the perforations. The appearance is then very beautiful. The mosques give an impression of size in excess of real dimensions, partly owing to their harmonious proportions, but also to the fact that the supporting columns or piers are short. This lowness is in keeping with Oriental manners, as the worshipers squat upon the carpeted floor.

The most beautiful of the mosques is one named El Jamaa Sidi Bon Medeen, situated about a mile and a half distant from Tlemcen, at Hubbad. It has a beautiful minaret, an attractive feature in the landscape when approached by the winding path that leads up to the village. The front of the great portal is enriched with a gem-like mosaic of glazed tiles, elaborate in design and perfect in execution, each tile being carefully cut to its required shape, and fitted to its place with precision. A few steps lead up to the lofty porch, domed and honeycombed;



"SHE REACHETH FORTH HER HANDS TO THE NEEDY."

the massive doors are of cedar, covered with bronze wrought into an open geometric pattern of great intricacy. An inscription commemorates the foundation, and runs thus: "Praise be to God! This blessed mosque was erected by the orders of our lord Sultan Abd'Allah Aly, the son of our lord Sultan Abou Said Othman, the son of our lord Sultan Abou Yacoub, the son of Abd el Hack, whom may God console and comfort, in the

mosque is a college now disused, and inscriptions record numerous endowments of land, set apart by former rulers for its maintenance. Facing the porch, but on a lower level on the hill-side, a small enclosed space contains various graves, and a kouba, or mortuary chapel, where lie the remains of two celebrated saints, Sidi Abd-es-Salem, who died 1211 A.D., and the patron saint, Sidi Bon Medeen, who died 1216 A.D.



THE MOSQUE OF SIDI HALONI.

year 739 H. [1361 A.D.] For this work, may they derive profit and honor at the hand of God." The white walls of mosque and cloister are completely covered with a fretwork ornamentation carved in the plaster, a marvel of beauty and wealth of design. The varying play of light reflected amongst the arches enhances the charm of this lace-like and exquisite decoration. The cedar roof is embellished with the addition of gold and bright colors. Attached to the

To the south of Tlemcen, there is a depression in the mountain barrier which forms a line of demarcation between the Tell and the Sahara—that is to say, between the corn-producing country and the pastures of the table-land that extends toward the desert. This valley is well cultivated, water is plentiful, and a stream is utilized by several mills. In the upper part, where the cliffs encroach upon the terraced olive gardens, "masarie," as they would be called in Southern Italy



RUINED TOMB AT AGADIR.

(a word derived from the Saracens, meaning a place for the pressing of fruit), are numerous caverns, where shepherds pen their flocks and herds by night. When examining some ruined koobas, domed buildings erected over graves, situated in this part amidst a tangle of fig-trees, my attention was suddenly diverted by hearing a song shouted with eccentric violence close by me, each verse alternated with notes played on a pipe. I soon espied the minstrel, a well-featured young man, but with an expression of countenance so wild that it at once assured me he was demented. He had undone his girdle, and, having fastened it to the boughs of a fig-tree growing before the mouth of a cave, where (as I subsequently learned) he dwelt, was swinging himself upon it. I had produced my sketch-book, when a garrulous old Arab at work amongst the olives approached, and, giving me credit for a knowledge of Arabic I little deserved, offered an explanation of the strange spectacle. I was unable to follow his story, but noted that he made frequent use of the word meaning woman. Afterward, I often saw

the daft piper playing and singing in the city, and learned that once he had been in comfortable circumstances, but, through some misfortune, being suddenly ruined, his reason became unhinged. I discovered, too, that he was a favorite with the children. Sketching one day in an open space of the town, he appeared and commenced piping. Quickly the doors of the neighboring houses flew open, and a crowd of eager children gathered round him. He flung sweetmeats amongst them, causing a general scramble, then renewed his piping, and, as the poor fellow passed through the city gate, homeward-bound to his solitary cave, the gay and brightly dressed children streamed after him; a pretty sight, and one that reminded me of the legendary piper of Hamelin.

A Moorish author, Ibn Dehak el Aousy, a native of Spain, relates the following story of the saint Sidi el Haloni, to whom a very beautiful mosque at Tlemcen is dedicated. He says: "When sojourning in this city, I one morning saw the sheik with a basket on his arm, occupied in selling candied



almond-cake to a crowd of children, and to the destitute he gave away wheaten cakes. When the children thronged round about him, he pirouetted, danced, spun round like a whirligig, and sang verses in praise of charity."

"Beholding him act thus," continues our author, with enthusiasm, "I doubted not but that the sheik belonged to the company of saints and friends of God." The poor piper I have mentioned distributed his sweetmeats with all gravity—I conceive that he regarded the act as one incumbent on his calling; that, upon finding his worldly prospects blighted, he determined to embrace the long neglected and now discredited profession of anchorite, that he followed this calling with commendable zeal, and his adoption of grotto, mendicity, psalmody, and the sweetmeat business, prove his thorough-going spirit. Agadir, the site of ancient Tlemcen, is situated in

a wood of olive, walnut, elm, and ash, at a short distance northeast of the present city, and beneath the village of Hubbad already described. At one time, Tlemcen was composed of two separate towns situated close to one another. The most ancient of these was named Agadir, a Berber word meaning the ramparts; the other was named Tagrart, Berber for camp; the latter is modern Tlemcen, a name derived from two Berber words: Tilim (it unites), and Cin (two). Yahia ben Kaldoun, who gives this derivation, considers that the name applies to the situation of the town, uniting as it does the Sahara with the Tell. Leaving the town by the eastern or Oran gate, and passing some market-gardens, at the distance of less than half a mile a point is reached where a brook flows at the bottom of a wooded gorge. Here the ancient crenelated walls of Agadir

remain in good preservation. Numerous picturesque tombs are dispersed amongst the trees, and nameless masses of ruin bear witness to the former city. The broken nature of the ground, the luxuriant vegetation, the extended views, the various ancient remains, combine to give a romantic charm to this neighborhood.

Agadir was founded by Edrissite Arabs; the date is not clear. According to Gibbon, Edris founded a dynasty at Fez, 829 A.D. He erected a mosque at Agadir, which was restored and a minaret added by the Berber Sultan Yarmoracen, 1255 A.D. This tower is well preserved; the lower portion is built of solid blocks of masonry taken from some unknown Roman building. This is proved by various inscriptions on stones built into the walls, and we learn from these and other sources that, as early as the reign of the Emperor Caracalla, a



A JEWESS.

Roman camp was fixed at this spot, which was named Pomaria, the place of fruits. In this quarter, numerous epitaphs have been disinterred, showing that in the fifth century the Christian population was considerable; and Christians continued to reside here long after the invasion of the Arals. A Moorish writer of Cordova, Abou Obeid el Becry,

barons, headmen, soldiers, and all other Christians who receive pay in the service of the kings of Morocco, Tunis, and Tlemcen."

In the year 1084 A.D., Agadir was besieged and conquered by an Almoravid king named Youssoug ben Teschifin. His camp, Tagrart, was the foundation of the present city of Tlemcen.



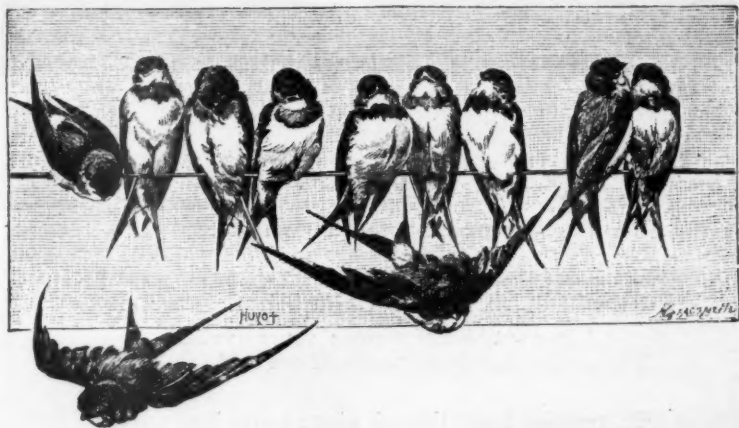
ARAB CHILDREN PLAYING MARBLES.

says that in his day, 936 A.D., amongst the antique monuments of Tlemcen were several churches; and that at later date the sultans of Tlemcen had Christian troops in their pay is a fact proved not only from Arab but from Christian sources. A bull of Nicholas IV., 1290 A.D., commences thus: "Nicholas, bishop, the servant of the servants of God, to his well-beloved sons, notables,

A century later, the town was again besieged by a chief named Abdel-Mouman, an Almohad, the name of a sect founded by an impostor who claimed to be Mahdi. Tagrart capitulated, but Agadir maintained itself for another four years, when this quarter was likewise taken by assault, and the rule of the Almohads established. The conqueror repaired the fortifications of Agadir,

surrounded the citadel Tagrart and the buildings gathered about it with a wall, and erected the grand mosque. Thus there were two fortified towns side by side, not a quarter of a mile distant the one from the other. In 1203 A.D., Abou Imran Moussa united them with a new wall; and a few years later, Yarmoracen founded the Berber dynasty, some account of which has been already given, and which endured until the domination of the Turks. Under Berber rule, Tlemcen rose to importance, and is said to have contained a population of 100,000 souls. It was embellished with numerous buildings, and became noted for its manufacture of finely woven fabrics, saddlery, and carpets. It was also the centre of an extended commerce. Caravans brought hither the produce of the far south, whilst, from the north, Genoese and Venetian merchants anchored their ships in its port of Mers el Kebir. Under Turkish domination, the population of Tlemcen decreased and gathered more and more around the citadel, and the ancient quarter of Agadir fell into ruin and became the solitude we

witness to-day. Such in brief terms is an outline of the fortunes of the city. First, a period of slow development, followed by the vicissitudes of repeated siege and conquest, until under a powerful dynasty it enjoyed an era of splendor and prosperity; then long centuries of slow decay; finally the advent of the French, when the genius of Abd el Kader imparts momentary lustre to the expiring fortunes of the Moors. In 1828, Abd el Kader, then a young man who had just completed a pilgrimage to Mecca with his father, returned to Tlemcen. The austere simplicity of his life, and daily visits to the tomb of Sidi Bon Medeen, soon gained him a reputation for piety; and when, shortly after, war with the French broke out, he was signalized by his audacity. In 1832, he attended a great gathering at Mascara, when he, then a penniless cavalier, was proclaimed leader of the Arab forces. On the 6th of June, 1836, he suffered a severe defeat on the banks of the Tafra, with the result that Marshal Bugeaud advanced and occupied the city of Tlemcen.

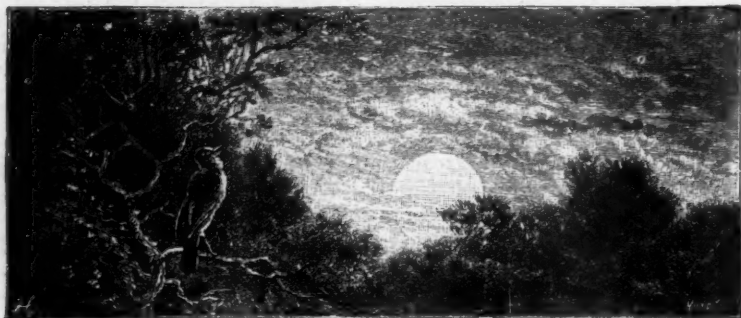


## WHEN WE MEET.

BY MAUDE MEREDITH.

ON that fair day, of all earth's days the best,  
 On busy round, or idle listless pace,  
 I shall look up with careless glance and meet  
 My life's fulfillment in your noble face ;  
 And I shall know you when our eyes have met  
 On that fair day that life holds for me yet.

I dare not question will you know me then,  
 I dare not ask if you are searching too ;  
 Ah ! fate is kind to veil beyond our ken  
 And hold the future from our eager view.  
 And yet I know, in some blessed day and place,  
 That I, dear love, shall meet you face to face.



## PROPHECY.

BY GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN.


MIDWINTER day of summer blue and gold,  
 Serene and mild and cloudless ; in the air,  
 A fragrant hint of spring ; yet everywhere  
 The spotless new-dropt mantle of the cold.

So, troubled heart, through winter sorrowing  
 Shall come strange days of prescience, full of sun.  
 Then shalt thou know that dimly hath begun  
 Beneath the snow, thy strong eternal spring.



## A POOR RICH MAN.

BY MRS. F. M. HOWARD.

E sat in his office that summer day, gazing, with an abstracted look upon his fine massive countenance, out upon the landscape, though evidently seeing but little, if any, of it—the broad river rippling and dimpling under the summer sun, the lazily moving raft-boat just whistling for the draw-bridge to open, the shore beyond, and the long train of cars creeping slowly toward the bridge.

The boat was bringing him stores which would add to his wealth, the train was doubtless swelled with car-loads of the materials used in his vast business; still, both had lost their interest to him at that moment, in the surge of thoughts within his soul—waves of feeling breaking upon the shore of his everyday experience. Would they cast up pearls or only the seaweed and slime?

When he was a young man, he had thought hopefully of the time when, by his own industry and care, he should be rich—when, with ten or possibly twenty thousand in reserve, he could snap his fingers at poverty and be happy.

At sixty, a five-times millionaire, he had not yet retired from active business life. He worked as hard now to care for that which he had as he ever had in the accumulation of it, and he was growing old so fast; if he ever enjoyed it, he must begin soon, for the years were flying past him like the telegraph-poles past a swift-moving train.

His reverie was interrupted by the sound of wheels—his carriage coming down the graveled slope to his office, and within it his daughter, with a friend beside her on the cushioned seat.

"I have come to arrange the details of the reception with you, papa," she said, holding up her silken skirts daintily as she seated herself upon one of the hard office-chairs. "Firstly, we must have Haynor's Band; you know, the music was so unsatisfactory at our last party,

that I am quite determined to have the best this time. Then there's the flowers—we must outshine the Whites' reception in flowers, if in nothing else. The menu, of course, will come from the city—nothing to arrange for but paying the bills."

"A very slight item, no doubt," commented the father, dryly.

Somehow this talk drifted in upon his thought unpleasantly. It seemed such a useless fashion in which to spend money—to invite in a crush of people to his house, to eat and drink enough to feed some of those poor pinched ones whom he had sometimes caught prowling, with baskets upon their skinny arms, around his overflowing coal-bins, for a year.

Still, he had enough for the poor and the rich too, and he listened to his daughter's royal plans patiently.

"I hardly know what to have for a gown, papa," she continued, plaintively. "Of course, mother and I must appear in new costumes, and I have had everything—tulle, silk, velvet—until there is absolutely nothing new to be had. If Worth only lived in this country, now."

"Shall I make an effort to buy the desirable creature and bring him over for you?"

"Now you are laughing at me, papa," pouted the young lady; "but really, if you had to dress as I do, you would be perplexed."

"I think I should," he answered, slowly. "I think I should be greatly perplexed to know what I was created for."

"There, there—if you are going to preach, Papa Lancaster, I'm off," gathering up her lace parasol and rising in alarm; "but you are going to be a good charming father and foot the bills, aren't you?"

"Yes, yes; but don't bother me with any more such folly for a year at least. It's vanity and vexation of spirit."

"I cannot see what has come over

papa," chattered Miss Lancaster, in her dear friend's ear, confidentially; "his face was as long as the moral law."

"But he did not really object, did he?" the friend asked, with concern. She was one of those summer creatures who live upon the honey of others, helping her friends to plan the expenses she could not afford herself.

"Oh, no; but his consent had a depressing Solomonic flavor."

The carriage was scarcely out of sight when Parker, one of Mr. Lancaster's trusted employees, came in, his face pale, his old hands trembling.

"What is it, Parker?"

"It's an awful thing, sir. Little Hans is dying—both legs cut off, sir."

"In the machinery?"

"Yes, and they're afraid it will kill his mother; he was her main support, you know, and there's five of them."

Like a flash, a vision rose up before the rich man: his own dining-room, filled with tables glittering with silver and cut glass—choice cut glass was one of his daughter's hobbies—and a score or more of colored waiters hurrying about, serving the guests, whose pampered appetites could scarce find a relish for the most delicate viands his money could buy. The cost of the menu alone for one evening's entertainment would keep the family of little Hans, for whom he had lost his life, in comfort for years. Was it right?

"Parker, I'm a poor man," he said, presently, after he had written a check for the widowed mother's use.

"I—I don't quite understand, Mr. Lancaster," stammered the surprised Parker. He had been in the office for fifteen years, and had seen the business grow to its present enormous proportions.

"Yes, I feel it, Parker; the knowledge has been growing upon me for months. If I should go into eternity to-day, I should carry less baggage with me than the veriest beggar."

"Oh, sir, is that it?" Parker's disturbed features relaxed. "Well, sir, I'm sure you've tried to be a pretty good man; and you've succeeded—I can say that. It isn't many men can point to such a

property as you have, without some conscience to satisfy in respect of cheating and overreaching. It's an honest property, Mr. Lancaster."

"It isn't so much the making it as of the spending," Mr. Lancaster observed, thoughtfully.

"There's plenty of ways of spending, sir. The good Book says: 'The poor ye have always with you.'"

"Yes, yes—I know; I like the giving of turkeys at Christmas, and tossing out a V or an X occasionally. I think I get as much enjoyment out of it as those who receive it; still, it is an evanescent good, and lasts only for the time being. What do you suppose I thought of, Parker, when I came so near being killed in that railroad disaster last year?"

"Well, sir, I—I s'pose 'twas a comfort to you to think your matters were all in trig business shape—will made and everything snug."

"You make a shrewd guess, Parker," Mr. Lancaster replied, dryly. "What do you suppose I cared, in that supreme moment, which I expected to be my last, whether my family had one million or ten to spend when I was dead? Not a rush, but my thoughts flew back to one little good deed which I did when for me to give and to do for others was a real sacrifice. I had a friend, a poorer man than I even then, and with a natural inclination toward vice and moral ruin. I clung to him and helped him on his feet morally more than once, then shared my all of wealth with him, and with it he went away to start anew in a new country. I met him that day, happy and prosperous; and when we parted, he said: 'I owe it all to you, old friend; the timely help you gave saved me, soul and body. I will not offer to pay it back, for I see you do not need it, but will pass it along to others who need it as I did.' I tell you, Parker, that one really good deed that I had done was the only clothing my soul had to appear in at eternity's door."

"Helping lads to get a right start toward a noble manhood is a blessed work, sir," replied Parker, turning his head to hide the gathering moisture in

his old eyes. Of two sons of his, one was a wanderer upon the face of the earth, the other had lived and died a drunkard.

"Yes, it is, Parker, and there are hundreds of them in this very town who need help, and yet I do not know just how to give it."

There was a large drifting population of young men in the town, drawn in by the manufactories and other industries from the country and smaller towns. To "accommodate" this ever changing influx, there was a corresponding number of those places where a young man is so easily and expeditiously relieved of his money and his character.

True, there were the churches to counteract the poison. Still, the churches reach only a comparative few; there is still a great tidal wave of social impurity outside, breaking on the rocks of temptation and never reaching the safer harbor of the churches. What can be done?

"We are trying to establish a Young Men's Christian Association," said one of the busy workers in the field of social improvement, as he sat in Mr. Lancaster's pleasant office one day, "but we are greatly retarded in the effort by the lack of a suitable building. Can you suggest something practicable, Mr. Lancaster?"

"Not just at present, Mr. White, but I'll bear your project in mind," was the answer.

"You can readily see that the harvest is more plenty than the laborers or the implements to work with," added Mr. White, suggestively. He knew from experience that a hint was better than an argument to tenthly, with some natures.

"I see more than you give me credit for, perhaps," Mr. Lancaster remarked, with a smile which was not, on the whole, discouraging.

He turned to his desk again after Mr. White went out. The bills for the reception had come in, and he fingered them thoughtfully.

"A thousand dollars for flowers! It is wrong—wrong—and human souls going down the broad road for lack of means

to save them!" His brows lowered heavily as he read the enormous total for one evening's pleasure. "If any good is to be done with my means, I must do it myself," he communed with himself. "I have no ambition to endow great charities—I would rather see the good attained myself."

"Well, Mr. Lancaster, I hear strange things of you," said his wife, one day. "I am told that you have given that elegant building on Madison Street to the Young Men's Christian Association. I promptly denied the report, for I could not believe you to be so foolish."

"You may confirm it, then; for I have been just so foolish," he replied.

Prosperity had not turned Mrs. Lancaster's mind toward philanthropy. Though not a particularly vain or selfish person, she had insensibly drifted on the tide of society, with little thought for those whose lot had been cast in the humble ranks of life.

"Well, well, Mr. Lancaster, I must say you are—"

"Better not say it, Caroline," he interrupted, his voice firm and determined. "It is my privilege to do what I will with my own. There will be enough for you and Pauline after I have helped some poor fellows to be better men than I have been," and rising, he left the breakfast-table abruptly, leaving his wife and daughter to bemoan his folly.

The building on Madison Street was an immense success. Not stopping at the good work of the gift of the building, he gave liberally toward fitting it up with a gymnasium, library, and other necessary equipments for successful work. Still there was much for others to do, and they entered into it with enthusiasm, and the young men for whom it was done were not less interested.

The wheel could not help turning, with such powerful shoulders under it; and the "places" in town began to complain bitterly of their loss of patronage through "old Lancaster's Quixotism."

Every young man who belonged to the Association considered himself a committee of one to invite some other to

join, and thus untold good was done; and in it all, Mr. Lancaster's soul grew green, budding and blossoming with new hopes and ambitions. He felt that he was just learning how to live in the divine joy of giving.

The work among the young boys was even more pronounced than among the young men; and how they loved the white-haired man who had made all this innocent pleasurable good possible for them, who went in and out among them with a kindly smile, a warm word of personal interest and help for each of them.

They gave him a gold-headed cane, one Christmas, the aggregate of little sacrifices—for the majority of these lads

were poor boys working hard for their money—which touched him deeply, and the very feeling of it in his hand warmed his heart as no other gift had ever done.

"I'm growing rich, Parker," he said, showing the memento proudly. "Why, sir, I wouldn't exchange the satisfaction which my share in this work gives me for a deed of the whole town—no, sir."

He did not rest upon the one luxury of giving: churches sprang up under his beneficent hand, and, in many more ways than the public ever knew, Mr. Lancaster's vast wealth became a blessing, and he died rich at last—the once poor rich man—rich in soul, an inheritance he could not leave to his heirs.



### THE DAY THAT IS DEAD.

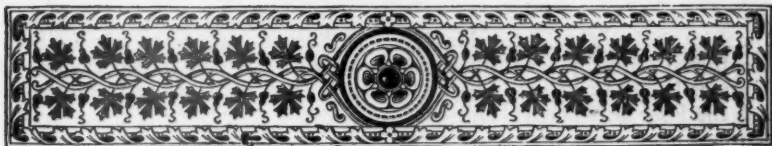
BY D. J. DONAHOE.

THE rosy red sunlight is streaming  
 Adown the wide fields of the west,  
 And the lake in the hollow is gleaming  
 With purple and gold on its breast,  
 With the lustre of heaven on its breast;  
 And in darkening greenery dressed,  
 The forest looks down, as if dreaming,  
 While day slowly dies in the west.

Long shadows lie dark in the hollow,  
 And point to the night as it comes;  
 Day dies, and the breezes that follow  
 Breathe faint in their failing perfumes,  
 As they waft from the woods and the glooms,  
 Lightly bearing their fainting perfumes;  
 They arise from the shades of the hollow  
 To meet the calm night as it comes.

And the rays of the past rise before me;  
 I think of my life that is sped;  
 I think of the night that comes o'er me,  
 And the light of the day that is dead—  
 Of the day that is silent and dead;  
 And its joys, like the morn that is fled,  
 In memories come quietly o'er me,  
 Like odors from faded flowers shed.





## THE CLOVER CLUB.



HE president of the Clover Club had been sitting for an hour in the reading-room of the Philadelphia Library, with pen poised over the inkstand, waiting for an inspiration in the way of a prize puzzle. For there are fads even in Puzzledom. Numerical enigmas, cross-words, and diamonds have had their day, and clever solvers demand something newer for the exercise of their wits. It matters not whether it be geographical, astronomical, mathematical, historical, or artistic; if it is novel, it will at least entertain those who enjoy overcoming difficulties.

But how to choose among so many themes—that was the question.

Accident decided it in favor of history.

The stillness of the reading-room all at once was disturbed by the inexpressible swish and rustle that characterize the entrance of your real society-woman. In a moment, three of them were filling a room that had seemed empty with a score of students in it.

The trio fluttered up to the librarian.

Could that official tell the prettiest of the group where she could learn "everything about Cleopatra"?

The second stylish young person wanted a book—a short one—relating to the Empress Josephine. The third attacked the other two to know whether they thought her grandmother's brocade satin would be an appropriate costume for Nell Gwynne.

The librarian suggesting that the costume might be altered more readily than the famous actress's character, the charming matron determined to abandon Nell Gwynne and to personate Madame de Pompadour, for the excellent reason that powder and patches are awfully becoming and can only be worn at a fancy-dress ball.

So a fancy-dress ball was the occasion for the dissemination of so much knowledge!

Why shouldn't we take a hint from the Four Hundred? thought the president.

Why shouldn't the Clover Club assist at a masquerade at which representatives of all climes and all ages can be gathered together? We need not peek under masks to discover the identity of the wearers, for each will bear some badge of office—there will be a soubriquet or other peculiarity by which we may know them if we take the trouble to follow them closely.

For centuries, New Year's Day has been sacred to mummery and frolic. Here in Philadelphia, where we cling to old customs, the streets are alive with such merry-makers. It is an easy matter to select from the throng historic characters enough for our purpose; so, as the procession moves on, we will detain those that please our fancy and leave the rest to go whither they will.

### A NEW YEAR'S MASQUERADE-PUZZLE.

The first to attract attention was the She-Wolf of France,<sup>1</sup> mounted on an animal that no man or woman ever rode before—a milk-white Steed<sup>2</sup> of colossal height and three hundred and seventy-four feet long. He was very quiet, however, and paid no attention to the Merry Andrew<sup>3</sup> belaboring his tall flanks with a Fan<sup>4</sup> used by the clown's mistress to punish her children. It is a weapon of offense elsewhere, too, since we find one of Shakespeare's characters<sup>5</sup> saying: "I could brain him with my Lady's Fan."

Suddenly the Fan was snatched from the Merry Andrew by one in the guise of a Monk.

"Quit thy foolery," said the Monk,<sup>6</sup>  
 "or I will deal with thy nose as uncere-  
 moniously as I once treated the Devil's,"  
 at which the Fool only laughed and bade  
 the crusty Monk: "Go kiss the Pope's  
 Toe."

"Now, as I am a doughty knight,"  
 cried the hero<sup>8</sup> of a Battle of Salt Fish,<sup>9</sup>  
 coming up behind, "if your Reverence  
 will hold this fellow, I will soon make  
 short work of him."

"Faith, thou art thyself but a brag-  
 gart and a coward, Sir Knight," shouted  
 a bluff British seaman, "and would not  
 more fight for a Monk than thou wouldst  
 singe the King of Spain's Beard;" so get  
 thee gone, poltroon."

The hero scuttled off as fast as his fat  
 legs would carry him, to lay his grievance  
 before a Queen<sup>10</sup> of England who never  
 saw England. The Queen, however, was  
 lamenting her own misfortunes, and at the  
 same time trying to lend a sympathetic  
 ear to an Author<sup>11</sup> whose dead body had  
 been arrested for debt.

Beside this pair stood a great Musician<sup>12</sup>  
 known to all the world, yet no one has  
 discovered his burial-place. He touched  
 his zither lightly, and at the request of  
 the whole company presently consented  
 to give them that plaintive ballad

"THE DUKE OF EXETER'S DAUGHTER"<sup>14</sup>

Our histories tell of Lords and Kings  
 That reveled in gore and slaughter,  
 But we might have expected better things  
 Of the Duke of Exeter's Daughter.

She must have possessed a heart of stone,  
 Or been iron more than woman,  
 For she drank men's blood, or crunched  
 a bone  
 With a calmness quite inhuman.

Her residence was a public place,  
 Where visitors often sought her,  
 Yet no one has ever seen the face  
 Of the Duke of Exeter's Daughter.

"Horrible creature!" exclaimed an  
 actress<sup>13</sup> who was killed by drinking a  
 glass of milk. "I hate your blood-  
 thirsty females even on the stage. Can't  
 someone give us a livelier theme?"

"Thank you, I am not in the vein  
 to-day," said the sweet singer, whose  
 name<sup>16</sup> will be found in this diagonal:

1. To wet.
2. In music.
3. Tough.
4. Empty.
5. Vessels that do not hold water.

"We will sing a duet for you with  
 pleasure," said two bright handsome  
 youths, stepping forward, "and kindly  
 observe that our names are attached to  
 the verses."

Without accompaniment, they began  
 the following glee or catch:

Don't we know that the pill is still there,  
 Though 'tis carefully covered with jelly?  
 Is the gem in its beauty less rare  
 That it lies in a poor oyster's belly?  
 Sing hey, derry down!

Oh, 'tis not the rich setting that wins  
 For the pill or the jewel our favor,  
 Then regard these our metrical sins  
 As a salt that is not without savor.  
 Sing hey, derry down!

"Excellent!" said a Queen<sup>19</sup> whose  
 complexion suffers from constant expos-  
 ure to heat.

"Tell us what the song means!"  
 shouted the crowd.

"Peace, rabble!" cried a Burgher<sup>20</sup>  
 of Flanders, he that was found dead on  
 the battle-field without wound or mark  
 of violence on his body. "Peace, I say,  
 or these ladies will think you have been  
 to an Irish Wedding."

"Who are you, that call us 'rabble'?"  
 muttered a fiery Scot<sup>22</sup> near by. Taking  
 from his bosom a silver casket and toss-  
 ing it to the Burgher, he said: "Within  
 that case is the heart of a Scottish King<sup>23</sup>  
 who would not address the meanest of  
 his subjects as 'rabble.'"

"Away with it!" ordered a French  
 Monarch<sup>24</sup> that had once run away in  
 battle. "'Tis a heart that never knew  
 fear—it pleases me not."

"Your Majesty has proved more trou-  
 lesome to England than any adversary that

even fought and ran away," murmured Lord Mayor Whittington, with a bow.

"Toad-Eater!"<sup>25</sup> ejaculated a King<sup>26</sup> that was King in name only.

"Hello! Whittington," cried Archibald Bell-the-Cat.<sup>27</sup> "Where's your cat?"

"If you mean the Cat<sup>28</sup> that made my fortune," returned Whittington, "alas! she is not longer mine."

"Bless me," said old Truepenny,<sup>29</sup> "if the Lord Mayor does not carry on as if his Cat had been a creature of flesh and blood, to be sure. Look up, your Honor; here is someone waiting to be introduced to your Honor."

"Be not so familiar," said Whittington, coldly, "but let the person give you a card bearing his or her autograph."

"Here is my autograph, an' it please your Honor," whispered the person, handing to the Lord Mayor a card on which was inscribed:

My first a poet whose fame still lives,

My second may be few or many,

My third delight to sportsmen gives,

My fourth is either Jack or Jenny.

My whole<sup>30</sup> is one that saved a sinner  
From being killed and\*cooked\*for dinner."

At the word "Dinner," the company melted suddenly away, leaving the president to disclose the identity of those who had eluded the vigilance of less experienced members of the Clover Club.

## HINTS ABOUT SOLVING

### THE NEW YEAR'S MASQUERADE PUZZLE.

Every name or subject having a number after it requires an answer. Thus "Fan<sup>4</sup>" means what especial Fan or kind of Fan is intended. The characters belong to no one period, but are drawn from history, story, or poem. They are not necessarily human beings or even animate things.

In sending answers, do not write out the text of the puzzle. Simply arrange the figures from 1 to 30 in regular order, and write the answer belonging to each number opposite its own figure.

Write on ONE SIDE of your sheet of paper. If the answers require more than one sheet, fasten the pages together at the top.

Only one answer to each number will be considered. Where more are offered, all will be thrown out.

Address all solutions to ARTHUR'S

NEW HOME MAGAZINE, 112 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and write in the left-hand corner of the envelope "Clover Club."

To the member of the Clover Club who sends in the greatest number of correct answers, a check for \$30 will be forwarded; therefore be careful to put your full name and address at the head of your manuscript.

If two persons give the same number of perfect answers, they will receive \$15 each. If more than two solve the puzzle, the \$30 will be divided between the two whose answers reach this office first. Keep a copy of your list to compare with the published one.

We will print the answers and name of prize-winner in the March number of the Magazine. Replies must therefore be in by February 1st.





EDITED BY PHEBE WESTCOTT HUMPHREYS.

## THE MIDWINTER GARDEN.

### HOW TO STOCK AND MANAGE A WARDIAN CASE.



**U**DGING from the number of queries that have been received, concerning this interesting branch of floriculture, the various Wardian cases are constantly increasing in popularity. It is not surprising that this is so, when we consider the fact that plants may be cultivated in this manner in city homes, in shaded rooms, and in north windows, where sun-loving plants would prove a failure. Besides this, the case in itself forms an attractive piece of furniture, and the method of growing the plants is so cleanly that there is no danger of soiling carpets and draperies with water, as often seems unavoidable when the flowers are placed on plant-shelves in the various windows.

Of course, the list of plants that can be successfully grown in this manner is very limited; but even for those who possess a beautiful conservatory filled with thrifty blooming plants, a case filled with the delicate green ferns and cool mosses will be greatly appreciated in the rooms where the bloomers would not flourish; and for the city home, where many of the rooms are surrounded by the high walls of neighboring houses, or the flower-lover who boards, with per-

haps only a single window in the room, and that on the shady side of the house, a Wardian case is a positive blessing.

This method of growing shade and moisture loving plants is very popular in England, and suggestions given by Rand have been followed with great satisfaction. In England, we are told, Wardian cases are often built in windows by removing a portion of the lower sash and building into the room a case of the required size, with the top flat, sloping, or domed, as fancy may suggest. In our climate, this would seldom be practicable, except for a few months in the year, when there is no danger of the plants becoming chilled.

On the matter of ventilation of Wardian cases, too little is understood. Ferns and a few kindred plants may be grown in air-tight cases, but there is no objection to occasionally admitting air to the case where only these varieties are cultivated; and for the rex begonias and other shade-loving plants of this sort, it will be very necessary to give sufficient air.

The principal care necessary is to see that the case does not suffer for want of water. The moment the door is opened or the glass raised, the moisture which was suspended in the air or condensed on the sides of the case flies off, and an equalization of temperature begins



between the air in the case and that in the room. That in the case soon parts with its moisture and becomes dry and unfit to sustain the plants in health and beauty, unless the earth in the case is again watered.

When too much water has been given, which is readily seen by the glass always remaining clouded, opening the door and admitting the external air is necessary to the health of the plants.

In this matter, experience will be the best teacher. Few cases are perfectly air-tight, and usually enough air will be admitted through cracks and ill-fitting shades for the health of ferns and lycopodia.

The advantage of such cases is that they are sufficiently close to exclude dust and noxious gases, yet admit of ventilation.

For cases made on the ordinary principle—that is, as close as ordinary workmanship will make them—the best stock is ferns and lycopodia, because these naturally love a close moist atmosphere. Such flowerless plants need less ventilation than most other kinds; and even in the case of flowering plants, only those which prefer moisture and partial shade are suitable.

Of course, different ferns and plants require different treatment; but most of them will thrive under one general system. The soil should be one part peat, one part leaf-mold, and one-half silver sand. Small pieces of charcoal should also be mixed in. The soil should be broken, not sifted, and should be of such a consistency that when wet it should be crumbly and not pasty. The materials should be well mixed by hand.

Ferns may also be successfully grown in a soil composed of one part peat or other very light soil, one part sphagnum moss chopped fine, and one part silver sand.

The planting of the case may be varied to meet the taste and fancy—the primary object is to secure perfect drainage; and for ferns, pieces of charcoal or pebbles mixed with the soil permit a freer circulation of air around the roots, which conduces much to a healthy growth.

It has been recommended that all Wardian cases should have a double bottom, to insure perfect drainage, as the evil most frequently experienced is sodden roots caused by standing water. This, although a good arrangement, is by no means necessary. The proper drainage may be secured by pieces of broken crockery, charcoal, or pebbles laid along the bottom of the case to the depth of about an inch. The water will, of course, drain into this, and may be drawn off by a little stop-cock under the case.

The depth of soil should not be greater than about nine inches, even in a large case; too great depth will give a damp heavy soil, which will be uncongenial to the roots.

If your case is large and sufficiently high, a miniature rockery may be formed, with some graceful fern occupying the top, and smaller kinds clustered at the base. It is not advisable to attempt any such effect in a small case, however, but to plant in rows or clumps.

Care in watering is of great importance. Ferns love shade and moisture, but this is no reason why they should be shut up in darkness or drenched with water, as is too often the case. As soon as the drainage and the proper soil are arranged and the ferns planted, give a slight watering with a fine-rosed watering-pot, to settle the soil.

Shade the case for a few days, giving free ventilation until the plants are established; if the case is open for a few hours each day, it will be sufficient. Water thus whenever the soil seems to need it, which is easily known by the appearance of the plants; the great danger is in giving too much moisture; the soil then becomes sodden, the young fronds decay, and the older fronds collect mold. The soil should at all times be moist, but never wet.

In regard to the style of case to be used, it is difficult to advise. It will depend altogether upon the means of the owner, as they range from the home-made affair, with wooden or zinc-lined bottom and common glass sides and top, to the elaborate arrangement of expen-

sive glass and exquisite carving, standing on polished legs, and costing hundreds of dollars. But the same suggestions in regard to soil and cultivation should be followed, no matter what sort of case is used; and with but very slight experience, they are sure to prove a success.

#### SEASONABLE HINTS.

The midwinter window-garden will soon be in its prime; and after the dearth of blossoms during December—after the potted chrysanthemums, etc., which made the windows brilliant throughout November, had disappeared, and before the winter-blooming bulbs had reached full development—we will appreciate the numerous blossoms that make their appearance in January. Even if the weather is rather severe, each day is a little longer than the preceding, and the sun is constantly growing stronger; and the plants that have spent the last few weeks in becoming accustomed to their winter quarters are now ready to begin the active winter work of rapid growth and bloom.

It will be important to keep a sharp lookout for the various insects. A thorough and systematic use of the syringe, giving every part of the foliage a generous supply of water, will soon conquer the red spider and make the other insects so disgusted with their quarters that they will probably disappear before there is any necessity for using the tobacco-tea and other remedies which must be resorted to if they continue to be persistent.

In giving the plants fresh air on cold days, see that it is allowed to pass to

them through a heated room, and that the cold air is not allowed to blow directly upon them until the chill is taken off. All cracks in the window-casings, and other crevices which will admit the chilly outdoor air directly on the plants, should be securely stopped with newspapers or some other convenient material.

The sand-boxes may now be started for the slips and cuttings; and all through February and March, as the different branches are pinched back to keep the plants shapely, stick all the small slips in the moist sand; and a surprising amount of well-rooted cuttings may thus be secured for bedding out as soon as the weather becomes settled in the spring.

Seed-sowing for early spring blooming will claim attention in February or March. Keep the soil warm and moist until the seeds germinate; but it is important that the young seedlings shall not be kept too warm, or they will grow tall and spindling, with very little vitality. Transplant from the seed-pan to thumb-pots, and again to larger pots as required, and the plants will be sturdy and thrifty, ready for immediate blooming when planted outside.

After the first of March, the various cactus-plants may be brought forward into the brightest and sunniest positions, and the supply of water increased. From this time on, throughout the summer, the hottest sunshine will not be too bright for them, if you desire thrifty growth and bloom. Many other plants may have an increased supply of water, with plenty of stimulants for the blooming varieties, and some may require re-potting.



## THE SPIRITS OF POCUS PLACE.

BY MISS KENT.

Red spirits and white,  
Black spirits and gray,  
Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
All that mangle may.



HE southern-slanting sun rose gloriously upon a prairie sparkling with fresh-fallen snow, and sent a random shaft through the east window of Paralie Orchard's room, where it found a shining mark upon the mantel-piece.

Paralie, lying in her bed at the opposite end of the room, could not make up her still drowsy mind as to the nature of that mark; it looked like a handful of the rarest rubies glowing against a mass of pearl.

But, in another moment, the sunshine undid its own magic, revealing plainly that the treasures of Miss Orchard's room were merely several bunches of translucent red berries beside a small snow-drift on the mantel.

"Nora!" said Paralie, softly.

"Huh?" said a sleepy voice from a bed on the other side of the room.

"It snowed last night," said Paralie.

"Did it?" said Nora, politely affecting an interest which she felt not. "I thought it looked awfully light."

"The sun is up, reflecting upon the fifty square miles of snow that he has hopes of melting by night, so that I can't go sleigh-riding," said Paralie.

She was at the age when the sun "do move" only in relation to self.

Nora sighed—not with sympathy, but with sleepiness—and Paralie went on:

"How the wind howled last night! Did you hear any spirits, Nora?"

"No," said Nora. "My slumber was sound."

"If your slumber was 'sound,' it probably scared the spirits away," said Paralie. "Do you mean that you snored?"

Nora deigned no reply. She remembered with disgust that it was her week

to make the fire in their bed-room; she sat up in bed, and finally got out; but no sooner had her warm bare feet touched the floor than she sank upon the bed again, exclaiming:

"Oh, land!"

"Oh, sunny South!" said Paralie, laughing. "I told you it snowed last night!"

"I think pa ought to have the roof fixed," said Nora, sulkily, as she eyed the crystalline carpet beside her bed.

She finally succeeded in getting her shoes and stockings, which she donned before kindling the fire, which was soon blazing brightly on the brass andirons, its ruddy light revealing a room singularly incongruous in appearance and furnishing. Its walls were of hewed logs, unplastered, but "chinked" with mortar, so that they had regular stripes; overhead were the cross-beams and rafters of a steep roof, sky-lighted by a long crack at the comb.

The brass bedsteads, the mahogany bureau, wardrobe, and washstand, the velvet rugs upon the unpainted pine floor—in fact, all the furniture—heightened the primitive aspect of the place, and it was solely by virtue of its size and its solid walls that the room recommended itself at all.

Nora's roaring fire could not take the edge off the frosty air which the "sky-light" admitted, and the two girls, as they dressed themselves, grumbled vivaciously over the condition of the roof.

"With whom do you expect to sleigh to-night?" asked Nora, admiring for the hundredth time her sister's long, dark, silken hair and snowy shoulders.

"Leave off that 'with,'" said Paralie. "Blackfeet Babe."

"Pa doesn't a bit like your going with Babe," said Nora.

"He hasn't said so to me."

"I heard him going on at ma about it, when you went to spelling with Babe," said Nora.

"Well! I think he'd better talk to me!" Paralie said, angrily. "I think," she added, "that papa's altogether too particular, anyhow. I believe it's best, when one comes into a new place, for one to be sociable and to make the best of one's neighbors. Pa has planted us down here in this aboriginal settlement, and he need not expect us—or me, at least—to stay right at home for want of elegant company. I don't see why he should be so down on Babe Elton, either. Babe doesn't chew nor smoke nor drink, and he works hard. I'd rather see a man like that, even if he is rough, than to see him so fine that he's afraid to touch a hoe, and so lazy that he can't keep himself in cigars!"

These scornful remarks, Nora knew, referred to the young men of the Orchard tribe.

Paralie went on: "I believe Mr. Calderon has been stirring pa up against Babe."

"Aw!" said Nora, with an accent of severe deprecation. "Mr. Calderon wouldn't do it."

Paralie herself scarcely believed what she had averred.

"Perhaps I do the gentle pedagogue injustice," she said; "but he has been looking 'down his nose' frightfully of late, if Babe and I have anything to say to each other."

"Don't you hate the thought of having Mr. Calderon here to board?" said Nora.

"Oo eegh!" said Paralie, shuddering. "They say he is so fastidious that nothing pleases him. Nan Gray declares he said that he had not seen a decently set table in this neighborhood."

"I don't believe he said any such thing," said Nora; "but I know he's fastidious, compared with these people. I like him all the better for it, myself."

"You've won so many golden opinions from him that you ought to return a few," said Paralie. "But I do wish that pa hadn't consented to board him."

"Babe will be furious," said Nora, causing Paralie to look very disdainful.

Paralie was a beautiful girl, having regular delicate features and a fine skin

of wonderful fairness regarded with her chestnut hair and dark-gray eyes; however, the brunette showed in her scarlet lips and rose-pink cheeks.

Nora had set a kettle on the fire, and the ice in this kettle duly melted into hot water for the purposes of the toilet; but when she went to the pitcher for some cold water, she found the pitcher full of ice which had cracked it to pieces.

"Something's forever getting broken or wasted," she said, ruefully. "No wonder papa gets out of temper about it—it is such a continual thing."

"If getting out of temper mended things, I myself would set up for a cobbler," said Paralie; "but it doesn't."

"We ought to have emptied the pitcher last night," said Nora.

"The loss as well as the fault is ours," said Paralie.

They went downstairs, where breakfast was already on the table, and where their father met them with looks of displeasure.

"I think you should have been down some time ago, helping your mother, girls," he said, severely.

The girls did not dispute this opinion, but Mrs. Orchard excusingly stated that she had not called them.

"Chaps such as they ought to bounce out of bed without waiting to be called," said Mr. Orchard, and then he went into the hall and angrily shouted up the stairs: "Boys! why don't you get up from there?"

The "boys," who were children of a larger growth than the girls even, made sounds of compliance; but Mr. Orchard returned to the dining-room and took his place at the table, so much out of temper that he could hardly ask a blessing on the meal, and almost immediately opened a violent harangue upon the importance of early rising. His wife listened with pain, Paralie with unconcern, Nora with the sense of guilt, and the two younger children with vague discomfort—they had been up snowballing for two hours; but the offenders who most needed the lecture lay in the room overhead and stuffed their ears with pillows.

After breakfast, Paralie and the two



little ones went to school, leaving their mother and Nora to wait on the "boys," wash the dishes, and put the house in order.

The head of the Orchard family was beginning to believe that the worst mistake he ever made was when he left his native Kentucky town and brought his family out West, to "grow up with the country."

The mistake lay chiefly in bringing them so late. Two of his sons were already grown; and although the hope of saving them from idle dissolute habits had been the prime cause of the removal, the fact that a change of clime does not effect a change of mind was painfully apparent. "The boys" lounged around on the farm as they had lounged around in town; the eldest smoking, reading, or sleeping, the second dividing his time between his gun, his dog, and "the girls," with all three of which he was a favorite. Whatever work these young gentlemen did, they had to be driven to it; and the task of playing overseer to his own sons exasperated Mr. Orchard's naturally irritable temper so that it became daily more unreasonable and harsh. He often hired help rather than to weary himself urging the boys to work; but this expedient added to the expenses of his large family more than was gained by the labor done, besides increasing his mortification, for, in the house, matters were equally ill managed.

In her Kentucky home, Mrs. Orchard had been used to the services of a cook, a laundress, a chambermaid, a nurse, and a gardener; and though the irregular orbits of these satellites sometimes caused confusion in her domestic system, she had never, until she came West, known what it was to be without a system.

Waste which she hardly knew how to avoid, and neglect which she overlooked in the children now her only assistants, made sad havoc in purse and pantry; her husband in vain scolded her for her weakness, the children for thoughtlessness, his creditors for hardness. Mrs. Orchard felt obliged to soften his severity by her own tenderness, the children con-

sidered themselves aggrieved, and the creditors continued to press the amateur agriculturist. He had bought a large farm from a lady who was a spiritualist and who had been running the place without other than spiritual advice, as her husband suffered from softening of the brain.

This lady, Mrs. Merton, had been advised by the spirits to sell, she said; and the advice did credit to supernatural judgment, for the place was under mortgage and rapidly running down, in spite of Mrs. Merton's cloudy counselors.

Mr. Orchard afterward wondered whether Mrs. Merton's misrepresentations were also spiritual suggestions; she profited in trading, to an extent which advertised sharpness, either her own or her airy advisers'.

The younger members of the Orchard family forgave Mrs. Merton everything, since she had bestowed on them the romantic privilege of living in a haunted house; and the tall old dwelling, standing gray and weather-beaten among its poplars and evergreens, was promptly named "Pocus Place," though Mr. and Mrs. Orchard, in whom religion ruled enlightenment, objected to this title as a piece of levity which savored of skepticism.

"Why, mamma, do you want us to believe in spirits?" said Paralie.

"I don't want you to disbelieve the existence of spirits," said Mrs. Orchard, "nor is the matter a fit subject for jest. Why not call the farm 'Pocoson'?"

"'Pocoson' means a reclaimed marsh!" said Paralie, "and this place is about twelve hundred feet above the sea-level. But bogies are as scarce as bogs on it," she added, resentfully. "'I look for ghosts, but none will force their way to me.'"

And indeed, linger as they would in the great gloomy room where erst the séances had taken place, the girls had never yet got a glimpse of a ghost or heard a sound of a spirit.

Something was prone to "peep and mutter" behind the wainscoting, during the first weeks of their residence in the old house; but Carl Orchard's rat-terrier

"wrought a silence" among that class of spirits, and even the young ladies, with all their yearning for spiritual manifestations, desired no return of the exorcised "rat-tat-tats."

"Mrs. Merton, spiteful old witch, took every genuine ghost away with her," said Paralie. "I think she might have left a few as perquisites of the place. Who wants this old barn without the bogies?"

"If I had been buying it, she should have nailed some spirits to the spot," said Nora, emphatically.

Nora talked nonsense so soberly that it was often doubly amusing from her, especially as there was so little of it about her; in actual folly, her more imaginative elder sister always took the lead.

The above conversation occurred one night, when the two girls were sitting on the rug in front of the parlor fire. This parlor, report said, had always been the stage of the seances which the former proprietress convened, and it seemed a place appropriate enough to such uses. It was a large room, ceiled with that costly but sombre wood, black walnut; fifty years of ebonizing by smoke from the huge fireplace had given this wainscoting a funereal tinge, especially overhead and about the chimney. Built in the days when the red men roamed the prairies, the room originally had for windows only two small square apertures, one on each side of the chimney, and both high up from the floor; but Mrs. Merton had added two large low windows.

The present furnishing of the room was red, forming a combination which Paralie had quickly perceived to be significant according to the traditions of magic.

"I guess we are not good mediums," said Nora. "A medium, I've heard, should be fair-haired and fair-skinned."

"Mrs. Merton's hair and eyes were coal-black," said Paralie. "The fact that the spirits prefer blondes suggests that they themselves are probably a sooty lot."

"Why, yes," said Nora, "if demons, like dreams, go by contraries."

The girls had the room to themselves,

as may be inferred from the thoughtless tenor of their talk.

It was nearly midnight, and all the others of the family were asleep in that part of the house which was on the other side of a wide hall.

"What a medium Mr. Calderon would make!" said Paralie.

"Lawzy me!" said Nora, as if much struck by this idea. "Let's have a seance the moment he gets here!"

"We will," said Paralie, "if we can eliminate the unbelieving parental element."

She gazed thoughtfully into the fire.

"I wonder who would come at his summons," she said.

"Some old flame, perchance, crying: 'Clarence, I've come! False, perjured Clarence!'" said Nora.

"Why should she call him false?" asked Paralie.

"Why, I think he takes a great interest in a certain spirit 'of middle earth,'" said Nora.

Paralie laughed consciously and pushed back the "soft alluring locks" from her white forehead.

"I fancy I see him now," she said. She sat up straight, assuming the expression which she chose to assign to her imaginary medium. "He fixes his violet eyes upon the void and sees a ghost evolving from the gloom. And now his hair begins to arch. 'Spirit of the past,' says he, 'look not so mournfully at me!'"

Nora, somewhat awe-struck, whispered: "You've made a rhyme; what if someone should come?"

"At dead of night?" said Paralie, skeptically. "Hush now—I feel the 'influence.'" She began to improvise:

"The Place is lone, the hour is late,  
Fain Paralie would know her fate.  
If it be fit that he appear,  
Let her future lord draw near.  
Let him come in vision clear,  
Without or fraud or frightening fear."

Scarcely had she spoken the last word of this solemn incantation, when three distinct raps resounded in the room. The two girls started as if electrified, and, breathless, caught each other's hands.

The raps were repeated.

Paralie got up and went to the door, followed most precipitately by Nora, who clutched her, whispering:

"Let's go out the hallway!"

"Goosey!" said Paralie. "'Twas someone at this door."

She undid the heavy batten door which opened upon the porch and swung it back. The faint light of the fire fell upon the figure of a man, his face "pale in the shadowy even," his blonde head courteously bared.

"Mr. Calderon!" cried Paralie, recoiling and trampling the toes of the hapless Nora, who, firmly believing the nocturnal visitor an apparition, clung desperately to her sister.

"Good-evening, Miss Orchard. Good-evening, Miss Nora," said Clarence Calderon. "I guess you think me a late comer."

"'Better late than never,'" said Paralie, mechanically; and then, she and Nora, meeting each other's eyes, burst into a wild snicker, for which they hated themselves cordially ever after.

Paralie hastened to apologize by saying:

"The fact is, we thought you a spirit! We were having a séance on the rug, and your rap was so apropos that it startled us out of our wits."

"Ah!" said Calderon. "I wish I had come sooner. I should like to assist at one of your séances."

"You came soon enough," said Nora, still so bewildered that she did not realize the stupidity of her statement until Paralie's look of scorn revealed it to her; then she stammered: "I mean, of course, you could not come too soon—that is, you came in so pat just as Paralie conjured—"

Here the whilom conjurer wilted her with a scorching look, and Calderon laughed.

He glanced about the dimly lighted room into which he had been ushered, and said gravely:

"I have come on a troublesome errand, Miss Orchard. Mrs. Gray's baby has been seized with convulsions, and she sent me to ask Mrs. Orchard to come over immediately, if possible."

"Why, the poor little thing!" said Paralie. "I've no doubt mamma will go. I'll tell her. Nora, put some more wood on the fire."

She left the room, and Nora, after raking out "each separate dying ember," stared about for the wood to which Paralie had alluded. She soon remembered that there was not a stick chopped on the place; deeply indignant at Paralie's pretending, she put the poker back in its corner and resumed her seat.

"Why don't you come to school now, Nora?" asked Mr. Calderon.

His tone was low, his pronunciation particularly clear and pleasing. Such scanty light as Nora's collection of coals afforded showed him as a handsome specimen of muscular young manhood, faultlessly attired.

"Paralie and I can't both attend at once very well," said Nora; "and as she is the elder, 'tis her turn first. I should like to come."

"You made very rapid progress while you did attend," said Calderon. "Paralie has not your taste for study. If she had, I don't know that I myself could more than keep up with her."

"Aw!" said Nora, incredulously.

Mrs. Orchard entered presently, dressed and wrapped for walking, and Calderon rose to attend her.

"Good-night," he said to the girls. "I'll try to materialize earlier, next time."

This promise excited much mirth and confusion on the girls' part; and as soon as he was out of hearing, Paralie turned upon Nora.

"What did you tell him?" she cried.

"Nothing!" said Nora, indignantly.

"What do you take me for?"

"You as good as told him, you mean thing!" said Paralie. "Nora, I'll just massacre you! As if the disgusting coincidence wasn't enough, you must needs say every ignorant thing you could think of!"

"The clock strikes one! Go, Clarence—run! For Paralie doth know her fate!" said Nora.

Paralie flew upon her, and their mutual excitement found vent in a lively scrim-

mage, Paralie endeavoring to stifle Nora's derisive distichs and teasing quotations.

Their laughter reached the ears of Mr. Orchard, who, bouncing over angrily in his bed, called out:

"What are you chaps about, in there?"

The girls sobered down and stole upstairs, where they suffered a relapse of amazement and amusement.

"It's a comfort to know there's no fraud about the vision, if there was some frightening fear," said Nora.

Paralie threw a pillow at her in the darkness, and Nora returned it. They had lighted no lamp, because there was no oil. The whole family had retired in the dark, that night; a fact which kept Mr. Orchard awake, fuming. But the girls soon slept, lulled by laughter.

## II.

"PARALIE! Paralie!" said Nora, next morning, punching her sister as the latter lay still wrapped in rosy slumber, though the sun was high above the horizon.

"What do you want?" asked Paralie, awaking.

"Your future lord wants you to get up and get about getting him some breakfast," said Nora.

"You'd better be thinking about the future that awaits you when I do get up," said Paralie.

"You'd better get up; he awaits you," laughed Nora. "He came home with me this morning. Mrs. Gray's baby is awfully sick, so that 'vision clear' has concluded to break us in to boarding him right away."

"Will you please hand me the wash-bowl or some other suitable missile?" said Paralie. "You just want to get me out of bed, Nora."

"I am telling you the fearful fact," said Nora; "and if you don't mean to get up, I must hurry and milk and help me myself."

But, when she went downstairs and got her milk-pail, Calderon insisted that she should let him do the milking.

"The men always do it where I came from," he said.

"Then you are from the North, Mr. Calderon," said Mrs. Orchard.

"Yes; from Rhode Island," said Calderon.

"Ah, that accounts for the lack of lazy bones in your anatomy," said Mrs. Orchard. "I've often observed that the Rhode Islanders are peculiarly energetic. I think the sea air and the northern climate make constitutions such as you seldom see down here."

"Perhaps so," said Calderon. His brief answer suggested that he was unwilling to charge Missouri shiftlessness to Missouri's beautiful climate. He took the milk-pail away from Nora and went off to the barnyard, whistling.

"Ought I to have let him milk, mamma?" said Nora, doubtfully.

"Well," said Mrs. Orchard, herself perplexed by this new point of etiquette, "he insisted. I wish he hadn't. He is not dressed for such work, and is a boarder here!"

Paralie peeped through her window-curtains just as Calderon came back to the house, carrying the pail full of foamy milk.

"Well!" she said, "has the model pupil bewitched her master into a mere milk-man? What a bucketful he has! I knew all the time that Nora did not half milk the cows. She can't manage the calves, and her hands aren't strong enough, anyhow. Those trifling boys!"

But it was not her brothers' laziness that brought a blush to her cheek as she turned away from the window; it was the embarrassing remembrance of last night's nonsense. She made her toilet with much care, and presently looked very charming in her school-dress of darkest green cashmere, with a dainty white apron and lace ruffles at the neck and wrists.

She was downstairs only in time to frown over the soiled condition of the table-cloth, to find that the whole arrangement of the table lacked taste, and that the atmosphere of the dining-room was "fearfully frigid."

"You must rise early and fix things yourself hereafter," said Nora. "No doubt, you know just what will suit his lordship."



"Nora!" said Paralie, her eyes flashing, "you've just got to drop that subject now!"

"What subject? Early rising? It is rather hackneyed," said Nora.

"You know what I mean! And I would talk if I were you! I wonder for whose sake he's made a patient milkman? Actions speak louder than words, Miss Nora."

"Has it come to words with him and you?" asked Nora, mischievously; but her mother brought in the coffee just then, and the family was summoned to breakfast.

Paralie and Nora, by dint of ignoring each other, managed to keep decently sober during the meal, though very lively in conversation; indeed, the young Northerner seemed to have brought cheerfulness with him to Pocus Place.

Bernard and Carl, the elder sons, ashamed to advertise their slothfulness to a comparative stranger, were at the table in time; and Mr. Orchard, always happy when he could play the host, was perfectly genial.

But breakfast was late; Calderon hurried through his meal, and left for the school-house without waiting for his pupils—Paralie, Benjie, and Lily.

"Mr. Calderon will be late at school," said Paralie, as she was putting up the school luncheons on the table.

"The hour is late," said Nora.

Paralie threw a biscuit at her; Nora dodged it, but Pythias the pointer caught it in his mouth and went out, wagging his tail gratefully.

"Mr. Calderon did not demand a napkin nor pick the lumps of soda out of his biscuit with his fork, as that preacher did," said Nora. "Weren't you surprised, Paralie?"

"I was indeed," said Paralie, ironically. "Nora, it's very mortifying that there were no napkins, nor even a clean table-cloth, this morning. One doesn't care for the like of that preacher—he couldn't have been used to decent things; but it is different with Mr. Calderon."

"Well," said Nora, "I guess that pink of politeness, Lord Clarence himself, has got over some of his napkin

notions since he came out here. At Grays', you know, they have only an oil-cloth on the table, and never owned a napkin."

"We don't want to copy Grays!" said Paralie.

"I thought you had adopted the motto: 'When one is in Rome,' et cetera," said Nora.

"You are peculiarly exasperating this morning," said Paralie. "I suspect that I ought to stay at home to wash; but, if I staid, I'd put in my time punishing you, so I may as well go on to school."

"Doesn't your instructor look fearfully cross when you come sauntering into school about the middle of the forenoon?" asked Nora.

"He can look cross—at the others!" said Paralie; "but he informed me very pleasantly that I must either be punctual at nine or at ten, so I'm a ten-o'clock scholar. I'm alone in all my studies, so that he doesn't care if I don't recite regularly. Oh, I've 'a friend at court' this term!"

"Why, yes! a great lord!" said Nora, prudently fleeing after the comment.

Paralie took the luncheon-baskets and departed. She knew that she ought to stay at home that day, but it was so much pleasanter to cast the household cares behind her, and, daintily dressed, to saunter down the gravelly school-house road through the bright cool air of the December morning.

The light snow which had ushered winter in was long gone; the soil was dry, the air deliciously mild, as is usual at that season in Missouri.

Paralie wore a cluster of richly perfumed creamy roses, the last darlings of a sheltered Gloire Lyonnaise. The only thing to dampen her enjoyment of the day was the consciousness that the luncheon which she had put up for Mr. Calderon did no credit either to the Orchard larder or to the Orchard kitchen.

"I myself must see that his basket is properly provided for in the future," she thought; but pride, not love, prompted the resolve, for Paralie was so absorbed in proving the power of her own

charms that no outside spell had ever attracted her.

She was late at school, after all—a deliberate experiment upon her teacher's partiality, I fear—and she was greeted with derision by her seat-mate, Melcena Jones, a Cleopatra's Needle of a girl; who, according to that law of æsthetics which compels fat women to choose checks and lean women the reverse, wore a striped gingham, its stripes being so wide that her narrow figure only accommodated about one stripe to a side.

Melcena hated while she admired Paralie. The latter's beauty, cleverness, stylish dress, and general superiority kept Melcena at her feet, while her many conquests made Melcena writhe with jealousy. And Melcena bitterly resented what she called "Cla'ence's pahshiality" toward Paralie, though she could have overlooked that, had Paralie confined her bewitchments to the teacher; but Babe Elton also bowed at Miss Orchard's shrine, not to mention half a dozen less important adorers.

Babe and another infant of twenty occupied the seat just in front of Paralie's; their tall figures served as a screen, behind which the young ladies indulged in much surreptitious munching of nuts and apples.

As Paralie took her seat, Babe turned around and smiled at her, showing strong white teeth under a short dark mustache.

"Say," he whispered, but his sentence was cut short by Calderon's voice.

"Elton," said the teacher, "attend to your studies."

Babe faced about, his dark skin reddening slightly.

"Just wanted to ask Miss Orchard the time of day," he said, nonchalantly.

"It is twenty minutes past ten," said Calderon, and now his reproving glance rested upon Paralie, who found herself unable to return his look as indifferently as she did Babe's.

Paralie's presence at school had from the first rallied thither every young man of the district who yet lacked so much as a day of twenty, besides several full-fledged nestlings of the eagle, who were only allowed to return to the fostering

wings, the public school, by consent of the teacher and permission of the directors. Among these latter was Babe Elton, who otherwise might have given Calderon much trouble.

In features, Babe was distinguished by a remarkable resemblance to Napoleon I; but the Little Corporal never carried his handsome head so high as that of Babe Elton: Babe was six feet in height. It was told that his fierce temper and crafty glance were due to the beat of Blackfeet blood in his veins; but the field cuprum of his escutcheon was no bar to high rank in Southwestern society, especially as he possessed actual fields both broad and fertile.

The young man was rough in manner and often reckless in conduct, but he was also active in the dance, bold in battle and in courtship, all which appealed strongly to the fancy of a gay adventurous girl such as Paralie Orchard.

She found him always devoted and only too glad to place his horses and vehicles at her service, so she disregarded her father's and brothers' disapproval of his attentions, and silenced her mother's objections by declaring: "Babe behaves well enough when with me. Of course, he is not college-bred; but one must take one's neighbors as one finds them. And I do love to ride and drive, mamma."

Much trouble was predicted for the handsome young schoolmaster, who shared with Paralie the compliment of increased attendance—to his own dismay. He did not mind the big boys; they nearly all liked him, and he could hold his own with any of them, Babe Elton not excepted. But the girls! the pretty Paralie, the malicious Melcena, the stupid Sarah—ah! these hourii, I fear, were problems which made his well-trained intellect despair.

Yet he seemed to enjoy himself that afternoon, as he walked home with the chief of his tormentors—namely, Paralie. They walked slowly, taking time, as the walrus said, "to talk of many things." Of the scenery, as they lingered to look back at the old school-house set in purple woods encircling emerald

wheat-fields which stretched on over the sunny slopes of the distant prairies; of geology, as they paused in the oval valley whose flat surface was broken by many a miniature crater marking the extinct volcanoes of a mining company, itself extinct; of astronomy, when, reaching Pocus Place, they leaned upon the solid single rail of the old porch and watched a certain "white star float out from heaven."

They presently sat upon the rail, which was broad; and Calderon, being afraid that Paralie would fall and break her neck, offered his hand as a safeguard; but she declined it, feeling quite safe, and looking very pretty as she leaned against one of the vine-wreathed pillars, with the pink and crimson leaves of the Virginia creeper touching her dark hair and pearly neck. She gathered some of the brightest of the leaves, designing to discard for them the roses now withered on her dress.

"How beautifully they are colored this year," said Calderon, holding out his hand for the leaves.

"Yes," said Paralie. "Are you short-sighted, Mr. Calderon?"

"No, Miss Orchard. I saw you slip that note around to Babe Elton today."

Paralie's cheeks suddenly rived the crimson leaves about her, but Calderon continued coolly:

"And the next time that such a thing comes under my notice, your billet-doux will be read aloud to the school."

"Much I should care!" said Paralie, looking much piqued. "As if I would write anything except about the lesson!"

"Do you suspect me of mental as well as of physical defects, then? I think I could tell Elton all about his lessons."

"No doubt! But you oughtn't to scold me for saving you the trouble."

"Ah," said Calderon, "such efforts to save me trouble make me seem superfluous in the school-room. I don't believe there's malice enough in your composition to make you deliberately plan trouble for a teacher, but your example encourages the mischief of others, who, I think, would rejoice to see me make

an ignominious failure so that I should have to give up the school."

Paralie felt both guilty and ashamed; for, though Calderon rightly charged her pranks to thoughtlessness, she realized that they might as well spring from malice, since the effect was equally damaging to his reputation as a teacher.

"If you gave up the school, the loss would be ours," she said. "It is not often that a district school secures a first-grade teacher."

"Oh, I know that you appreciate your opportunities," said Calderon, ironically. "You are so punctual, so attentive."

Paralie was freshly embarrassed; she had no excuse for her tardiness, and this fact Calderon made her acknowledge, after which he extracted a promise that she would come at nine and help in the singing which was part of the opening exercises.

"There's going to be frightfully dull times at school," Paralie confided to Nora, that night. "Mr. Calderon has made me painfully aware of the fact that I am a grown young lady—farewell, fun! 'I smell the mold above the rose!'"

"Why, what did he say to you?" asked Nora.

"Oh, he didn't say much—just enough to set me thinking how hard he works to make his school a success, and what a shame it is that we wretches do so much to thwart his laudable ambition. I mean to reform. Won't Babe and the others think it 'strange in Elsinore' when they see me sitting 'like Patience on a monument,' not smiling at anything?"

"I guess it won't be long before Mr. Calderon will need his monumental patience again," said Nora. "You never could resist fun."

"You will see," Paralie replied, and the next two weeks did indeed bear testimony to the seriousness of her resolutions. She was prompt in attendance and a model of deportment; all her influence, and it was potent with her fellow-pupils, was on Calderon's side.

The more she saw of her teacher, the more she felt his right to rule in the school-room; but she was quick to resent

any extension of his authority: she would not allow him to think that the pleasing change in her conduct was due to a personal interest excited by her instructor.

"I wish," he said to her one day, "that Elton had not taken it into his head to get up a candy-breaking just now."

They were at the blackboard together, pretending to be occupied in ciphering.

Paralie was the only one of the larger pupils present, Babe being absent in behalf of the candy-breaking, which was to take place at the house of Mrs. Brummet, his aunt; Melcena was making up a new stripe for the approaching "arrangement," and all the others had likewise found excuse. The younger pupils present were at one end of the school-room, engaged in loudly wondering "where Maria's gone," their curiosity on this point effectually diverting them from any other.

"I should think you'd be glad of a little diversion," said Paralie.

"It will indeed be a little that I shall obtain from it," said Calderon. "To watch a lot of rude boys and awkward girls playing games on a dusty floor, with peppermint candy and creek water for refreshments, is not much diversion for me."

"You are very sarcastic," said Paralie, laughing. "Now, I expect to have lots of fun. I like to be 'in the swim,' whether the fish be gold or gars."

"A gold-fish among gars must look out," said Calderon.

"Ah," said Paralie, "you cold, critical, self-contained Northerners may do without society; but a Southerner, such as I, positively cannot."

"Look here!" said Calderon, "do you want me to make you 'stand on the floor,' Miss Orchard?"

"As if I ever stood on the seats or the desks," said Paralie, dimpling.

"If it wouldn't be punishing the innocent with the guilty, I'd put you in a corner, with your face to the wall," said Calderon, adding seriously: "You do us great injustice. You mustn't accuse us of self-sufficiency because our

sympathies aren't so all-embracing as yours."

"Well, you are too fastidious," said Paralie. "If you can't get cake, you ought to eat galette without grumbling."

"A little galette goes a long way with me," said Calderon. "May I not 'take the cake' to-night?"

"Thanks, no!" laughed Paralie; "the cake is reserved for the infant Babe."

Calderon's face fell; he frowned with unconcealed displeasure.

"I certainly can't understand the taste which leads you to encourage Elton's attentions," he said. "He is not fit company for you."

"And who," thought Paralie, "has given Mr. Calderon leave to lord it over my tastes or my choice of company?"

The infinitive—unpremeditated quite—of this sentence brought a flame of color to her face, such as must have mystified Calderon.

"Perhaps I am the best judge as to who is fit company for me, Mr. Calderon."

Calderon smiled, but he also flushed a little.

"A word to the wise is sufficient," said he, ironically. "My motive is to protect you, not to injure Elton."

"My lord Don Quixote, your distressed damsel is blest with a father and two big brothers."

"Whose opinions, like mine, she refuses to consider."

"I am willing to regulate my conduct by your opinions while I am in the school-room, Mr. Calderon. More than that you've no right to expect. I don't mean to exist in a gold-fishy state of 'comfortless calm,' looking on at life through a transparent prison of ensphering self-complacency."

Calderon laughed, looking piqued.

"The self-complacency which you couldn't shatter must needs be solid," he said. "But you may live to learn that the total destruction of it is worse than a 'comfortless calm.'"

"Let me live, even if I must learn from a schoolmaster!" was the saucy reply.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)





# GIRLS AND BOYS

## BESSIE'S VISIT TO DOLL LAND.

BY KITTY REED (AGED 12).

**B**ESSIE dear, go to bed, for Christmas will come sooner if you are asleep than if you are sitting up waiting."

"Oh, yes, mamma, anything to have Christmas come sooner; I am just wild to know what my presents will be."

The next morning, very early, Bessie ran over to the mantelpiece, against which her stocking hung.

"How lovely! how nice!" she cried, and, taking her bulging stocking, was about to go back to bed to look at her presents, when, looking down in a corner at one end of the fireplace, she saw a little rocking-chair, and sitting in it was a beautiful French doll.

Then such a time as Bessie had all day, playing and talking with her new doll—Evangeline, as she called her.

Bessie received a great many other lovely presents, besides a grand Christmas-tree; but nothing pleased her half so much as Evangeline.

That night, when Bessie went to bed, she laid the doll on a little bed near a trunk which held its clothes.

As the clock was striking twelve, Bessie woke up; and as the moon was shining brightly into the room, she could see everything very plainly. She looked over at Evangeline and saw her turn her head and then jump out of her little bed and run over to the trunk and take out her prettiest walking-suit, put it on, hurry to the door, and disappear.

As the door closed, Bessie sprang out of bed, and, slipping on her wrapper and shoes, ran after Evangeline, who walked very fast through the house until she came to an open window, out of which she climbed and went toward the woods at one side of the house.

Bessie followed till she came to a great rock, which Evangeline tapped. The rock flew back and showed below a little flight of gold stairs, which Evangeline went down. Bessie tried to follow, but she was too large; and without thinking, she said out loud:

"Oh, dear, I wanted to go and see where Evangeline went to, but I am too big."

Evangeline turned quickly, and then Bessie thought:

"Now I have broken the charm, and everything will disappear."

But instead, Evangeline smiled and said sweetly:

"Yes, you can come."

Then Bessie felt a queer sensation, and, looking down at herself, found she was even a little smaller than Evangeline, who now came up again, and, taking Bessie's hand, they went down together.

Presently they took a sudden turn, and Bessie saw a beautiful glass palace sparkling with precious stones.

"Oh, how lovely!" she said.

"Yes, that is lovely; and you can see it often, if you want to," said Evangeline.

"Really, can I? How? Please tell me!"

"Well, every Christmas night, at

twelve o'clock, all the dolls of one kingdom come down from your earth and have a grand ball. The servant dolls have places as servants at the ball, and we ladies and gentlemen have titles and are not supposed to do a bit of work."

"Yes, but I am not a doll; so how can I come?" asked Bessie, sorrowfully.

"Oh! you can, for any humans may if they have been kind to all their dolls during the year; and so you have only to be kind to us, and any of us will bring you at twelve o'clock Christmas night," said Evangeline, quickly.

"Oh, thank you so much, dear; I will surely be very kind to you and my other dolls, so that I may come every year! Oh, what is that music? Is it from the palace?"

"No, that comes from the musical fountains over there."

Just then they came in sight of beautiful fountains, in which, as the drops of water fell, they turned into pearls, making sweet music as they dropped in the marble basin.

When they at last arrived at the palace and went up the sparkling steps, the lovely door was thrown open by a little butler who belonged to one of Bessie's friends.

"Come," said Evangeline, "you can't go to a ball with a wrapper on; so come to your room and get your ball-dress."

"Why, Evangeline, I have no ball-dress here."

"Oh, yes, you have," laughed Evangeline.

Bessie followed her through lovely parlors, halls, and conservatories until they came to a sweet little bed-room, which Evangeline told Bessie belonged to her (Bessie), and then told her to go to the wardrobe and get her ball-dress.

Bessie came back, bringing a beautiful little pink satin trimmed with tiny diamonds. Evangeline went into the next room, and, after a few minutes, came back dressed in a lovely white velvet trimmed with rubies.

"Now, Bessie," Evangeline said, "whenever you come to Doll Land, you can come to this room, which is yours, and get a new ball-dress from that

wardrobe. Now we must down to the ball-room, for we are very late."

Before Bessie had time to thank her, they were in the ball-room among a great many beautifully dressed little dolls, who were dancing to the music of a fountain in the middle of the floor, which was playing sweet soft dancing-tunes.

Bessie recognized a few of her own dolls, who were flirting desperately behind their tiny fans.

Evangeline introduced Bessie as a countess, and told her afterward that no one would have had anything to do with her if she had had no title, adding: "So always call yourself countess when you come."

When the prince talked and danced with her, and at last took her out to supper, Bessie felt very happy and laughed very hard behind her little lace handkerchief because her own dolls waited on her.

After supper, the king led the way into another large hall, where he ascended the throne, and, after everyone was seated, he began:

"Now we will hear how you have all done this year, and whether you may all come again next year! Duchess, have you been well treated by your mistress, and have you been faithful to her?"

"I did my best, your majesty; but my mistress was a very discontented child, and therefore was not very happy."

"You may come," said the king.

"Now, Lord Fidgety, have you been faithful?"

A very excited and nervous little gentleman got up, and, with a great many unnecessary hems and ha's, said:

"Well, hem, I have had, hem, a, ha, pretty hard, ha, time of it; for, hem, my mistress is an invalid, and so, hem, she pushed me around a great deal, ha, and therefore, ha," clutching the chair in front of him, "I have, hem, not much," a long pause, "good temper, hem, left; and so I did, ha, not make her as," another pause, "hem, happy as I might."

Then, with a profound bow, he sat down.

"Well," said the king, after retiring

into his handkerchief for the fourth time after vain attempts to keep from laughing, "you may come as head cook."

Next to Lord Fidgety sat Evangeline, and so the king said:

"Lady Love, have you had a successful time?"

Evangeline looked at Bessie, who nodded her head and said quickly: "Yes, indeed, you have."

Evangeline got up, and, after bowing, said:

"Yes, it has been a very happy day for me, and I think I shall like my homè."

"Very good! You may come and be the belle of the evening. Next, countess, what have you to say?"

A punch from Evangeline brought Bessie to her senses, and she said:

"Yes, your majesty, I am very grateful and happy with my good mistress!" As she spoke, she thought of her dear mother at home.

"You may come!"

So the king went on questioning each; many answering him favorably, and others not. Then Evangeline asked Bessie whether she would rather go back to the ball-room or see more of Doll Land.

Bessie chose the latter, and so they started for the swimming-pool.

"Here we are! Now, you put on that blue bathing-suit, and I will the red," said Evangeline. "Now, jump in and take a lovely swim."

"Oh! oh! this is grand; but I should suppose the water would be cold at Christmas-time! But then, I have not noticed its being cold since I came. Why is it?"

"Because it is never cold here; for this place was once Fairy Land, but the fairies grew tired of it, and, as the queen is the sister of our king, she gave it to him, so now he lives here with all his subjects, and, as the dolls grow old enough, he sends them out into the world, to make human children happy."

"But about the water, please!"

"Why, don't you see? It is fairy water!"

"Oh, yes, of course," said Bessie,

quickly, for she was afraid Evangeline would think her stupid.

"Now we ought to go somewhere else, for we have not much time left," Evangeline said. "I will show you the hospital, as it is near here."

"Have you a hospital too? What is that for?"

"Why, for the poor dolls that get torn and broken in your world."

"How nice! And do they get well?"

"Oh, yes; in a week or two, they are all right again and go back to your earth! Here we are; now walk softly and don't talk loud!"

Evangeline led the way into a large room lined with tiny cots, on which dolls of all kinds and sizes were lying. Among the sick was a doll which Bessie had broken and which she had not been able to find, but now she knew that it had come to Doll Land to be cured.

After going through the hospital and grounds, they started for the palace again, as signs of daylight began to show. When arrived there, they went to Bessie's room, and there on the bed lay a beautiful little green riding-suit which Evangeline told Bessie to put on while she herself put on another.

Then down the front steps again to where tiny fairy ponies stood waiting, their saddles studded with pearls.

"Now we will ride to the gold stairs below the rock, and then walk the rest of the way home," said Evangeline.

When they came to the stairs, two little grooms were waiting to take the ponies. Bessie and Evangeline jumped off and ran up the stairs, during which time Bessie felt the same queer feeling she had when going down; and by the time she reached the top, she was her natural height again.

"Now get into bed and do not say a word about to-night to anyone," Evangeline commanded, when they were back in Bessie's room at home.

Bessie said nothing about it the next morning, but went to see if Evangeline would speak to her. She did not say a word, and was looking just as she was when Bessie had laid her in bed the night before.

All that year, Bessie was very kind to Evangeline and the rest of her little family; and when the next Christmas came, she went to the palace again, and did so for several years, learning many lessons from her own dolls.

"H'LO, CENTRAL!"

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

SHE wasn't in the play-ground, she wasn't on the lawn:  
The little one was missing, and bed-time coming on;  
We hunted in the garden, we peeped about to see  
If sleeping under rose-tree or lilac she might be;  
But nothing came in answer to all our anxious call,  
Until at last we hastened within the darkening hall,  
And then upon the stillness there broke a silvery tone,  
The darling mite was standing before the telephone,  
And softly, as we listened, came stealing down the stairs:  
"H'lo, Central! Give me heaven; I want to say my prayers."

*Metropolis.*

WHAT JENNY ASKED.

WHY is a fierce thunder-storm like an onion? Because it is peal on peal.

Why does an old maid never play the violin? She doesn't know how to catch the bow (beau).

Who were the first "cook" tourists? The cannibals.

What class of tradesmen succeed best by going to the wall? Paper-hangers.

How should weeping willows be planted? In tiers.

Why is Buckingham Palace like the Capitol at Washington? Because it has a roof on top.

Why is a proud girl like a music-box? She is full of airs.

When is a thief like a reporter? When he is taking notes.

When does a donkey weigh the least? When he is within the pound.

Why are umbrellas like good churchmen? They keep lent so well.

Why is love like a Scotch plaid? Because it is all stuff and often crossed.

Why is a cat going up three pairs of stairs like a high hill? Because she's a-mountin'.

What three letters give the name of a famous Roman general? C, P, O (Scipio).

At the time of the flood, where did Noah keep the bees? In the Ark-hives (archives).

Why should England be a very dry country? Because there has been but one reign there in over fifty years.

Why ought a bathing-suit to be well satisfied with itself? It's so often "in the swim."

Why is a candidate for a political office like an umbrella? Because he's put up.

What is more foolish than sending coals to Newcastle? Sending milk to Cowes.

What is it should be kept after giving it to another? Your word.

Why is a crow like a lawyer? He likes to have his caws (cause) heard.

What did the muffin say to the toast-fork? You're too pointed.

Why is Canada like courtship? It borders on the United States.

What is the political character of a water-wheel? Revolutionary.

When a lady faints, what figure should you bring her? You must bring her two.

What consolation has a homely girl? She will be a pretty old one if she lives long enough.

THE RICH AND POOR.

BY FREDERICK A. BISBEE.

THE rich are those who have content  
With blessings now at hand;  
The poor are those, though opulent,  
Who always more demand.



## A BUSYBODY.

BY M. J. H.

THERE lives a perfect chatterbox  
upon the mantel shelf;  
It talks and talks the livelong day,  
though only to itself;  
When not a soul is in the room, I have  
very often found  
'Twill tittle-tattle ever on in one unceas-  
ing round;  
You'd think 'twould be content to keep  
appointments of its own;  
You'd think it might leave other folks  
and their concerns alone;  
But no! it hurries one to school, to bed  
—it even dares  
To interfere with grown-up folk in all of  
their affairs!

*Wide Awake.*

## HER OPINION.

ALITTLE girl wrote the following  
composition: "Boys are men  
that have not got as big as their  
papas, and girls are young women that  
will be young ladies by and by. Man  
was made before woman. When God  
looked at Adam, He said to Himself:  
'Well, I guess I can do better if I try  
again,' and then he made Eve. God  
liked Eve so much better than Adam that  
there have been more women than men  
ever since. Boys are a trouble. They  
are wearing on everything but soap. If  
I had my way, half the boys in the world  
would be little girls, and the rest would  
be dolls. My papa is so nice that I guess  
he must have been a little girl when he  
was a little boy."

## WHAT POLLY PARROT DID.

BY OLIVE WOOD.

POLLY! Polly! pretty Polly! peek-  
a-boo!" screamed a parrot on a  
high window-ledge, turning his  
head this way and that, eying a young  
girl on a neighboring doorstep.

But there was no response; the young  
head was buried in a very ragged apron,  
not for play—that was plain to be seen.

"Polly wants a cracker! Boo-hoo-o!  
Oh, dear! dear!"

"No, I don't!" cried Polly Tilson,  
lifting her head; "and it's awful mean  
to make fun of people."

"I like you! I do! I do! What's  
the matter? What's the matter?" he  
shrieked, louder than ever.

"I'm tired and hungry, and mother's  
sick," said Polly Tilson, looking all  
about her.

"See here! see here!" cried a voice;  
and then, looking up, she spied the saucy  
bird.

"Oh! oh!" cried Polly, "did I ever  
see the like?"

"What's to pay? Say! say!" said  
Polly Parrot.

"Enough," said Polly Tilson. "I've  
lost all the money we had, and I can't  
even get a stale loaf."

"What a pity! What a pity!" cried  
the parrot.

"So it is," said a voice at the little  
girl's elbow; "where do you live?"

Turning her head, she saw a kind-  
looking old lady, with a black bag on  
her arm. She looked so pleasant and  
cheery that Polly was not a bit afraid,  
but told her how she lived down in the  
alley and came out with four cents to  
buy a stale loaf and lost it. "And oh,  
dear! it's all the money we've got,"  
moaned Polly; and the thought set the  
tears to running races down her cheeks  
harder than ever.

"Well, now, that is bad!" cried the  
little old lady; "but what if I found four  
cents all wrapped up in a bit of brown  
paper—what would you say then?"

"Oh, did you?" cried Polly, a bright  
smile chasing the tears away. "Oh,  
then I can go home again."

"To be sure you can," said the brisk  
little old lady; "and I think I'd better  
go along with you this time, to see that  
bread safe home."

"Oh, will you?" said Polly, giving a  
little skip, and then they whisked around  
the corner, leaving the parrot screaming:  
"Ain't that jolly now?" at the top of  
his voice.

The neat little German woman at the  
bake-shop smiled when Polly called for

her usual stale loaf; but, when the old lady ordered a dozen cinnamon-buns and some golden-brown rusks, with some little crisp cakes, she opened her eyes very wide and wondered what was coming next.

As for Polly, she was quite speechless. "Now," said the old lady, "we will call at the grocer's," and there she added tea, crackers, butter, and eggs to the list; and the grocer's boy put them in a basket, and they all trotted off together, Polly leading the way at such a pace that the little old lady was quite out of breath.

Polly's home was only a rear room in a rickety tenement-house, and the stairs were—oh, so dirty, and they creaked their very worst as they went up and up. Children of all ages swarmed on the landings, like bees from a hive—all dirty, wizened up, hungry little things, old in sin and misery.

Tibby Riggs was a trifle older and a bit punier than all the others, and she looked hungrier than ever as she gazed at the numerous parcels and sniffed the fragrance.

"Wait a bit, Tibby," said Polly, as she opened the door to admit her visitor; and Tibby did wait, anxiously enough.

Polly's forlorn little home was bare and desolate enough, with only a shabby bed, a broken stove, a little pine table, and two rather shaky chairs.

"It's a dear lady come to see you, mam," said Polly, as the mother stared speechlessly, "and oh, we've something nice for you."

"Yes, yes, my dear," said the old lady, "it's a good cup of tea you want, for I'm sure you're faint and weak."

And then the dear soul bustled about, and, while Polly kindled a fire, she took a snowy napkin from the big bag and spread it on the corner of the old table, and then she made a bit of toast from the stale loaf; and this, with the fresh tea and crackers, made a tempting meal for the half-famished invalid. And how it brightened her up to see all those parcels go into the bare cupboard!

The buns and cakes were for Polly; but she couldn't even taste them alone, so she crept out into the passage, where poor little Tibby waited with more than womanly patience.

"Oh, cin'mon-buns!" cried Tibby. "Wherever did you git 'em? I've seen 'em in the baker's, with currants all on top; and oh, dear, how I did want 'em!"

"Yes," said Polly, "they're awful good," and then she nodded toward the old lady, who opened the door just then to say she must go now, but would come again and try and make her mother more comfortable, and then she trotted briskly down the stairs.

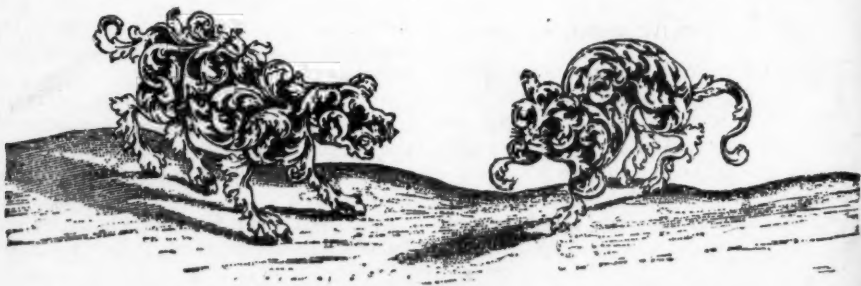
"Did you ever?" said Tibby, solemnly.

"No," said Polly. "To think we hadn't nothink to eat, and I lost our last cent, and the old lady found it, and everythin'! But it was all that funny parrot; if he hadn't a-talked to me that-a-way, the little old lady never would have known."

"It's dreadful nice now, ain't it?" said Tibby.

"Yes, and she's a-comin' agin, too," cried Polly, excitedly.

And come she did, and now Polly and Tibby live in nice clean rooms and have good food and are quite happy.





CONDUCTED BY AUNT JEAN.

### PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES.

BY AUNT EDA.

**P**ERHAPS there are others besides myself, among the readers of the "Home Circle," who for some reason are unable to do embroidery or painting, and who yet like to have pretty things in their homes and enjoy doing fancy work when able.

For such, I give a few suggestions for photograph frames, or larger if desired, which I hope some may find worth trying.

Here is one which may be easily made and is very nice for a change from those usually seen.

Cut two pieces of card-board as much larger than the picture as you desire the frame, say seven by nine inches, or eight by ten, according to the size of decoration used.

Cover one with sateen or similar goods, and the other with plush, velvet, or satin, having first cut out an oval space for the picture in the lower right-hand corner, about one and a half inches from the side and the same distance from the bottom. Cut a similar piece from the plush, only smaller, leaving a margin to turn in around the opening, being careful to fit it nicely.

At the left side and upper corner, arrange a group of peacock-feathers, just the eyes and a short stem. Fasten them in a pretty group, letting one or two extend across the top.

Catch them in place by a stitch or two of silk, so it will not show, and tie at the left side with a pretty bow of ribbon.

If a glass is desired over the picture, fasten to the front by gluing a piece of paper over the edge of the glass and on the card-board; this will cover the edge so there will be no danger of scratching the photo when slipped in place.

Now join the front and back, except a space at the bottom for putting in the photo, either by overseaming or by gluing.

Choose a color for the front that will be in harmony with or a nice contrast to the other colors in the room, and which will also bring out the beauty of the feathers.

We know some colors seem to have a family quarrel, which will continue while life lasts.

If a pair of frames is desired, the other should have the place for the picture in the lower left-hand corner, and the decoration on the right side. They will make a pretty pair and will not be as much work as one might think.

Other shapes might be made for variety: a heart-shaped one with the opening for the picture in the centre, and some little ornamentation in each upper scallop; or a palette with the picture in the lower left-hand side, and the decoration drooping from the opening in the upper side. A very pretty frame is one of brown velvet or plush, and a cluster of wheat-heads nicely gilded; another might have a cluster of light drooping oats, bleached to a delicate creamy white.

And right here, why could we not bleach oats or wheat to that pretty creamy white we sometimes see, with sulphur smoke, the same as with straw braid or hats?

Let us try it ; or perhaps some of you have, and the suggestion is too late.

A pretty cluster of tiny ferns, white and delicate, or a group of small bright autumn leaves, would be very nice.

One advantage with all these decorations is this : when one is tired of them and wishes a change, they can be easily removed and others substituted, with no injury to the frame, and with but little work, and at the same time giving a variety.

### "DEEP SLEEP FALLETH UPON MAN."

BY GEORGE NEWELL LOVEJOY.

SOME great writer has remarked : "It must not be forgotten that we spend a considerable portion of our lives in the bed-chamber, and therefore its healthfulness cannot fail to have a very important bearing upon our physical well-being." Everybody, indeed, who is actuated by a due regard for health and real comfort, will consider an equal degree of attention necessary in giving attention to the size, situation, temperature, and cleanliness of the apartment he occupies during the hours of repose, as of the drawing-room or any other apartment ; and yet how very often do we find families crowded at night into obscure and confined chambers, of dimensions scarcely more ample than those of an old-fashioned closet, while perhaps in the majority of instances the best rooms in the whole house are set apart for the sole purpose of ostentatious display. Now, it is very important that the largest and most elevated room or rooms, upon the second floor of the dwelling, be appropriated for the purposes of sleeping, and that the same be properly ventilated during the day-time and during all seasons of the year.

There are few houses the rooms of which are so situated as to render good ventilation impossible, and the influence of this practice upon the health of inmates is too important to permit being neglected from any slight cause. A bed-chamber should be divested of all unnecessary furniture, and, unless of con-

siderable size, should never contain more than one bed. There cannot be a more pernicious custom than that pursued by some—indeed, by many—families, of having their children sleep in small compartments, with two and sometimes three beds crowded into the same room. It is scarcely necessary to observe that cleanliness, in the most extensive signification of the term, is, if possible, even more necessary with reference to the bed-chamber than with almost any other apartment in the whole house. The practice of sleeping in a room which is occupied during the day-time is extremely unwise. Perfect cleanliness and sufficient free ventilation cannot, under such circumstances, be preserved, especially during cold weather ; hence the atmosphere becomes constantly more vitiated and altogether unfit for respiration. While too great a degree of caution cannot be observed to avoid sleeping in damp rooms, beds, or clothing, the temperature of the bed-chamber, if possible, should never be increased, under the ordinary circumstances of health, by artificial means. As this apartment is to be reserved solely for sleep, a fire is never necessary, excepting possibly during extreme cold weather, and even then the temperature ought not to exceed fifty degrees.

A sleeping-apartment in which a heavy fire has been kept for several hours prior to retiring may to some persons, at first thought, offer great comfort. But, right here, great danger is very liable to occur, since, by heating the room to such an extent as has been referred to, the system becomes greatly enervated, creating an increased susceptibility to the influence of the cold air, and thus the way is opened to the attack of some of the most serious diseases, especially of the throat and lungs. Happy indeed should those persons esteem themselves whose means forbid an indulgence in this form of luxury ! A person accustomed to undress in a room without a fire, and to seek repose in a cold bed, will not experience the least inconvenience, even in the severest of winter weather. The natural heat of the body will very speedily render a person, under such circumstances,



even more comfortable than he or she will be who sleeps in a heated apartment, as experience has amply verified. But this is not all. The constitution of the one accustomed to sleeping in a room which is not artificially heated will be rendered more robust and strong, and far less susceptible to the influence of atmospheric vicissitudes, than that person who is not accustomed so to sleep.

#### THINGS A HOUSEKEEPER SHOULD KNOW.

BY E. F. M.

**I** WONDER if most housekeepers know the comfort it gives to have one very low table in the kitchen. It should be just high enough to sit beside in comfort, and wash vegetables and prepare them for cooking, without the strain of stretching the arms constantly upward or standing by the sink for hours. Nothing will save a cook from fatigue more than this, and it is very easy to find just the right height and have one table cut down to that.

If the housekeeper lives in the country, she will keep poultry, and she will surely need a remedy for chicken cholera. Now, I can say that, if chickens are fed on scraps of meat and liver and bone ground or broken very fine, they will be very safe from cholera or any form of disease. The same is true about hogs.

I learned this from a lady who owned a ranch in California and made poultry-raising a business, and a profitable one. She had all the bones collected that could be found, and utilized them for her poultry-yard. An old farmer from Ohio, whose hogs remained healthy while those of the neighbors died of the cholera, assured me that this was his secret, to give his hogs scraps of meat in their food.

I was interested by the excellent advice in regard to neuralgia, in the same paper. In addition to cod-liver oil, maltine is a concentrated food, not medicine, that sustains the strength and gives much nutrition with easy digestion. For the immediate and acute pain, the oil of peppermint gives temporary relief.

The following is an admirable way of preparing wild ducks, which are apt to have a rather fishy and strong flavor. Let them soak for two or three hours after they are picked, before cooking. A small onion, or two or three slices of pared lemon, laid inside, will greatly improve the flavor. But the ducks, when once you begin to cook them, ought not to be on the fire long. Twenty-five or thirty minutes are enough for roasting a canvas-back duck.

It is a great convenience to have two or three bottles of salad-dressing on hand, ready for cold-slaw or celery salad, or, during the spring and summer, for lettuce or for tomatoes. It keeps excellently well if properly made, and I can recommend this recipe.

Salad dressing: one tablespoonful of mustard, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt; mix the mustard, sugar, and salt with water to a soft paste; add three raw eggs and one cupful of cream, beating these in slowly, then one cupful of vinegar; boil until like custard, bottle tight, and keep in a cool place.

Sauce for cold meats: eighteen tomatoes, one onion, two green peppers chopped fine, one cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful of mustard, one teaspoonful of allspice, two teaspoonfuls of salt, two and a half cupfuls of vinegar; chop the tomatoes and onions fine, as well as the peppers, then scald with the spices and salt in the vinegar. This sauce is also very nice with beans, a vegetable that needs some pungent flavor to be appetizing. Instead of scalding, this may be boiled two hours.

Currant catsup is rather out of date, but perhaps some of our housekeepers may care to put it in their receipt-books for next season. It is a decided novelty in catsups, and especially nice with fowls. Four pounds of currants, three pounds of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, allspice, cloves, and mustard. These spices are to be ground fine and the currants mashed. Add one teacupful of good vinegar, and boil slowly for two hours.

## DOILIES.

BY M. E. PAULL.

TO a skilled needle-worker who has limited resources and a host of friends to whom she wishes to give some little Christmas remembrance, the possibilities of a bit of linen are a delight. The dainty gifts that her skilled fingers can evolve from this fabric are almost limitless and are just as beautiful and acceptable to her friends as more costly gifts that she could purchase, but which would not have the charm of her own personality about them.

If one wishes to give a very elaborate present and can afford to be prodigal of her work, of course a centre-piece and a set of doilies to match are a gift that would suffice for a bride or the dearest of all one's dear friends.

There are a variety of centre-pieces now in use. The best taste does not sanction the use of plush and satin upon the dining-room table, but one frequently finds them there. A hemstitched square of orange satin was covered with a filmy bit of bolting-cloth painted with clusters of glowing nasturtiums. It was very beautiful, but of course not durable at all, as a drop of water would damage its delicate beauty.

A very dainty centre-piece, with an amount of work upon it that would frighten any but a tireless needlewoman, was made of a square of fine linen almost as sheer and cobweb-like as a handkerchief. It was hemstitched around the edges, and in each corner were embroidered large graceful clusters of wild clematis, with their leaves. The white blossoms, shaded at their hearts with the palest tint of green, and with the pale-yellow stamens, were as natural as if they had been thrown on the linen as specimens of nature's handiwork. The doilies to match were embroidered with tiny sprays of the flowers and leaves, each one differing from the other, as the needlewoman was an artist and could draw her own designs.

If a whole set of doilies are more of a gift than one has the time or desire to make, there are any number of individual

doilies that make very charming gifts. There is the egg doily, in which to wrap boiled eggs when brought to the table. Take a square of linen about twelve inches each way, hemstitch and fringe the edges to the depth of about an inch. In one corner, either draw or have stamped a design of some scattered straw, with four or five eggs lying on it. The straw should be outlined in yellow filo floss-silk, and the eggs are very pretty filled in with white filo floss and outlined around the edge with yellow. They may be simply outlined, if the other method involves too much work. This decoration may complete the doily, or a little motto may be outlined around the remaining sides of the doily, in graceful letters. "Various are the tastes of men" is an exceedingly appropriate one for an egg doily.

A doily to put under a butter-dish is another pretty gift. This should be somewhat smaller than the egg doily, as it is only to put beneath the butter-dish and is not intended to wrap about anything. Anyone who is at all skilled in the use of a pencil can easily draw the design upon this doily and save the expense of stamping. It consists simply of little round balls about as large in circumference as a penny, scattered at intervals around the edges of the doily, with irregular waving lines between them. Across the doily, in outlined letters, is the motto: "She brought forth butter in a lordly dish." This doily should be worked in filo floss of a bright yellow shade, and the balls are much prettier when worked solid instead of being outlined.

A berry doily is a pretty gift. It is intended to put beneath a dish of berries, and is, like the other doilies, simply a square of fringed and hemstitched linen. The decoration is suitable to its intended use. A cluster of fruit, strawberries, currants, or blackberries, as one wishes, should be worked solidly in two corners of the doily, and in the alternate corners a little bunch of blossoms. A doily recently made with small strawberries worked in the soft shades of red, and the beautiful blossoms worked as near nature

as possible, was an especially pretty and effective piece of work. A pretty motto to put on a berry doily is this: "Two lovely berries moulded on one stem." No matter how many daintinesses a housewife may have for her table, a berry doily will delight her heart.

A dainty little doily is one to put beneath a fancy dish of olives. It should be small, so as not to project too far around the sides of the dish, and the decoration should be near the edges. A little bunch of olives, darned in cool gray-green shades, with outlined leaves, is very pretty, or simply some little conventional figure will do.

Doilies in which to wrap corn and muffins are too well known to need any description. They should be of somewhat heavier linen than the delicate fabric of which these other doilies are made, as such doilies will need frequent acquaintance with the laundry, and should be made with the remembrance of that fact in view.

A pretty fancy is to shape doilies like leaves, and they vary from the maple-leaf to the large begonia or grape-leaf, according to the taste of the designer. These doilies are to put under plates, and are generally worked upon white satin jean, buttonholed over white cord, the veining outlined, and the outside cut away around the cord. It is a pretty idea to make the centre-piece of a circle of leaves, and then make the doilies for the plates of individual leaves of the same variety. The veriest novice in designing can make a grape-leaf set, by fastening down the natural leaves in the desired positions to make a graceful circle, and then with a sharp lead-pencil drawing around their edges. A single large grape-leaf will furnish the pattern for the individual doilies.

An exceedingly pretty set recently made was of begonia-leaves, with the veining and heavy outlining, which was put inside of the buttonhole work, done in soft brown and yellow shades, which resembled colors sometimes seen in the natural leaf.

A pretty little cheese doily can be either decorated with little conventional

figures, or, if a more realistic style of decoration is preferred, a little mouse nibbling at a bit of cheese can be outlined upon one corner of the linen.

Doilies and their varieties and uses are legion, and the skilled art-needlewoman can doubtless design many more than the few which have been here suggested. The things to be remembered in this work are that exquisite neatness and care in the work add the chief charm to the gift, and that, if the work is to last and not be merely one of those bits of finery which have to be reluctantly relegated to the attic when they have served their day, they must be made of materials that will bear light and water, without fading or losing their color.

#### SOMETHING ABOUT CARPETS.

BY LOUISA JAMISON.

**I**N laying down carpets, the better way is to fit them into all the recesses of the room first; but this is also the most expensive, since not only all the carpet used to cover the room, but also all that is cut to waste, is charged for by the upholsterer.

Where economy is an object, the carpet may be made square or oblong, according to the shape of the room, but not fitted into the recesses; and the boards around the sides may be left bare, or painted in oil, or covered with oil-cloth, drugget, etc.; or lastly, as a still more economical mode, there may be a border only of carpet around the room, and the middle part covered with a drugget, painted or not, which will look as if the latter covered the centre of a large carpet, of which the sides only were visible; and this has the advantage, particularly for bed-rooms, that it is easily taken up to be shaken. With respect to the economy in not fitting carpets to rooms when square or oblong, they can have the wrong side turned up for a time to save the other side, which it is impossible to do when the carpets are fitted in the recesses; and they may be likewise reversed in their position, which will make them wear more equally

and last a great deal longer. Thus a square carpet may have its position changed eight times, and an oblong one four times; whereas a carpet fitted to the room cannot be altered in its position without having to be ripped and resealed, unless the apartment should chance to be exactly symmetrical, which is seldom the case.

In the wear of carpets, much depends upon the manner in which they are kept clean; if the dust is suffered to accumulate for any length of time, they require to be beaten with extra force, which treatment is liable to break the threads. In some cases, they are scoured; but this is very apt to injure their texture.

It is very important to the preservation of carpets that the boards of the floor be well laid; if they have not been properly seasoned when they are first laid down, they sometimes turn up at the edges and occasion ridges which will cut the carpets and cause them to wear sooner.

This difficulty may, in a measure, be avoided by having a carpet-lining, which are now as much used, not only from the fact that they make the carpet last longer, but for the comfort and additional warmth they give to a room. As soon as a carpet begins to show signs of wear in any part, its position should be changed, so that every part may be worn alike.

Thick and heavy carpets do not require to be nailed down; but those of lighter material are better tacked, as this method prevents them from curling up at the edges, that not only gives the room an untidy careless look, but there is great danger from stumbling over them. But if they are tacked at first and stretched tightly, after a month or two they will lie flat with fewer tacks, so that they can be easily taken up and beaten.

The air of sitting-rooms is materially injured by the dust being allowed to accumulate under the carpets. Every time it is swept, a cloud of dust arises and mixes with the air; and although this is often scarcely visible, it proves injurious to the lungs. Carpets in bedrooms ought not to be tacked down,

that they may be more frequently beaten and the dust removed from beneath them.

The size of the pattern of the carpet should be suited to that of the apartment. Large patterns should only be used in large apartments, and small patterns in small rooms. Small patterns are more easily mended; those with geometrical figures have one advantage, viz., that pieces may be set in where parts are worn thin, which is more difficult in an irregular pattern. It is also very economical to have several carpets of the same design, as those of the bed-rooms, passages, etc., that one may be used to mend the other when worn.

The color of carpets is another important thing; and much taste and judgment are required in choosing patterns and colors that are the most suitable for each apartment for which they are intended, and also that they may correspond with the upholstery.

Carpets are of two kinds, those of double fabric consisting essentially of two distinct webs woven at the same time and firmly decussated together by the woof-threads. Hence the form of the pattern is the same on both sides of the cloth, the colors only being reversed, so that what is green on one side becomes perhaps red or black upon the other, and vice versa. The smaller the figure, the more frequent the decussation and the firmer and more durable the fabric. The other kinds have a raised pile on one side, like that of velvet.

Turkey and Persian carpets are unequaled for richness of fabric and pattern; they are woven with a soft pile somewhat similar to velvet, and some of the richest of the Persian have floss-silk mixed with the wool.

The names of our carpets do not always denote either the present or the original place of manufacture. Our Brussels carpets are made chiefly at Kidderminster, and what are termed Kidderminster are mostly made in Scotland and Yorkshire; and it is not known that what we call Venetian carpeting was ever made in Venice.





EDITED BY EMILY H. MAY.

THE NEW YEAR FASHIONS.

THE styles have become quite established now, and Dame Fashion can take a rest till the sap begins to flow again and green leaves and spring flowers come to remind us that some other little changes in garments will appear. Skirts are of moderate width, about four yards around usually, not much trimmed, and are occasionally seen caught up a little on one hip, the prophecy of more draping. Trimmings are simple, often consisting of only a narrow ruching of the material at the bottom of the skirt or of a very narrow strip of fur around it.

Basques are of all varieties and are more seen than at the beginning of the season; they are long or short, full or scant, single, double, or treble, as the fancy may dictate. But the round waist is still worn, especially by slender persons. Basques or different colored waists are popular, as they serve to utilize old gowns and can be made to have a dressy appearance. The sharp points back and front are also sometimes seen for stout women, and the waist has returned to its natural position, not up under the arms any longer.

One of the newest basques is seen in Figure 1, and the cape shown in the small design can be made removable, if it is necessary to wear the bodice under a coat; or the back of the cape can be cut with a smaller collar or cape. If

wished for out-of-door wear especially, the collar, which opens over a cream-



FIG. 1.



FIGS. 2, 3, AND 4.

colored cloth waistcoat, can be trimmed with fur; if the garment is needed, for house-wear, gimp or braid trimming will be best.

Sleeves continue to be made wider at

the elbow and to droop at the top; many are plaited from the wrist up to near the elbow.

In Figures 2, 3, and 4, we have some of the prettiest models for winter dresses,

suitable for walking as well as for skating. Figure 2 is made of warm striped cloth, with a band of velvet about the bottom, on which are two groups of gold braid. The jacket basque has a velvet strip around the neck, with gilt ornaments, and opens over a full striped bodice, with a velvet collar, also trimmed with gold braid. For an ordinary walking-dress, the gold braid might be replaced by red or any color preferred. Felt sailor hat, with stiff feathers.

Figure 3 shows another pretty winter costume; the skirt and cape with collars is trimmed by rows of narrow fur, and the muff and long boa are of the same fur. Hat trimmed with fur and feathers.

In Figure 4, we see a gown, not to be used as a skating-garment, but as a handsome visiting-dress, suitable for weddings or the most ceremonious occasions. It is made of cream-colored cloth and trimmed with ostrich-feather trimming of the same color. Over the whole can be worn one of the long cloaks now so fashionable. The hat is of cream-colored cloth. Tan Suede gloves.

Figure 5 is a model of one of the newest winter cloaks; it has a moderate-sized cape and is trimmed with a wide collar and front trimming of black fox-fur.

In Figures 6 and 7, we have one of the newest tailor-made gowns. The design

shows the back and front of the costume. The skirt and round bodice are of brown tweed, ornamented with rows of machine-stitching and enameled buttons, which appear on the cuffs, coat-sleeves, and each front of the shoulder-capes; the latter form epaulettes and droop over the two flounces of the sleeves. Small felt hat, trimmed with ribbon loops and two wings.

Figure 8 shows one of many new coats for the winter. It quite covers the gown, is made with three capes which can be removed, and has two rows of large buttons the entire length. The sash-like trimming, which comes from under the capes and on one side of the waist, can be omitted if preferred. Large velvet hat.

In the Louis XIII or Anne of Austria bodice, in Figure 9, we have one of the very newest styles for house-dress. The whole gown is of gray bengaline; and the battlemented basque, which opens the entire front over a cream-colored plastron, is edged with the narrowest steel trimming; a cream-colored ribbon is drawn through these battlements and is tied in a bow in the front, finished with steel tags. The large sleeves are divided by a ribbon finished with smaller tags, and the upper one is slashed to show a bengaline under-sleeve. Venetian lace forms the epaulettes and front of the collar. The basque, sleeves,



FIG. 5.

and tags are excellent reproductions of the fashion of the time of Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII. The high bodice was not worn then, but it was a most picturesque and becoming style.

The gown seen in Figure 10 is another

guipure. The skirt has a stripe of black velvet and guipure above the hem.

Fur-trimmed dresses, as well as fur-trimmed coats, mantles, and capes, are most popular. On the dresses, very narrow rows of fur are placed in preference to wider borders. Long coats, large capes or cloaks, and smaller capes are all much worn, but any way in which fur can be introduced on the costume is popular.

The present fashion of wearing fancy bodices in the house gives great scope for variety in the sleeves. In Figure 11, we have one of the newest styles. The puff is cut with the greater width at the elbow, below which it is gathered in. A piece of silk gathered at intervals is fitted to the lining for the lower part. This is finished at the wrist with a band of fancy galloon, a similar one hiding the join below the elbow.

We have given so many designs of hats with the figures already described, that little is to be said about them; but the one in Figure 12 struck us as so pretty, in all the great variety now worn, that we cannot resist showing it. It is of gray rough felt, faced with black velvet and trimmed with rosettes of gray ribbon, black velvet, two wings, and ostrich-tips.

The myrtle-green coat given in Figure 13 has a fluted collar that may be either made of silk, velvet, or fur. Three rows of braid outline the seams at the back and are finished with arrow-heads wrought

in black silk; the waist is close-fitting, and the skirt is full. The front may be made loose, without darts, if preferred.

The boy's coat in Figure 14 is of dark-blue cloth, double-breasted, and it has a large Astrakhan collar; the dark-blue cap



FIGS. 6 AND 7.

novelty. It is made in a black and red striped material, the basque cut on the cross and deep, having an outer waistband of black velvet covered with guipure. The sleeves are puffed on the outside of the arm only, and, like the small plastron, are ornamented with



has also a band of Astrakhan around the edge.

In Figure 15, we see a dress of black and tan-colored striped woolen; the skirt is ornamented with two scant ruffles trimmed with rows of black velvet; the basque bodice has also a row of black velvet near the edge, and the collar and cuffs are of black velvet; tan-colored felt hat, trimmed with black velvet bows.

The little girl's costume in Figure 16 is of gray striped diagonal cloth; it is box-plaited under a yoke of dark-blue velvet, which forms full caps to the sleeves; the yoke is formed by a rich galloon, and there



FIG. 8.



FIG. 9.

are bows on the shoulders. A band of gray ostrich-feathers ornaments the bottom of the coat and yoke. Gray felt hat.

In Figure 17, we have a model of a coat for a young girl; it has a deep cape and collar trimmed with ostrich-feathers, and a plaited pelerine and band down the front, of velvet and ornamented with a double row of buttons.

Figure 18 shows us a cloth coat with triple capes, which, with the collar, revers, cuffs, and pockets, are trimmed with black braid or passementerie; large buttons are on the front and pockets.

Figure 19 is a model of a felt hat for a young girl, trimmed with tails of fur.

#### ON SLEEVES.

THE first approach, among Grecian women, to a sleeve, was when they caught the folds of the diploidon at intervals



FIG. 10.

across the upper part of the arm with either jeweled agrafes, or buttons. This simple device has been imitated in the sleeves of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, and more than once in the present day.

The Saxon women covered the arm close to the wrist in a tight envelope of cloth. This sleeve was warm and useful rather than ornamental, and it is curious that all through the Middle Ages the arm was similarly clothed. The dresses were generally more or less décolletée, while the sleeve extended beyond the wrist and lay in a flat point on the back of the hand, permitting only the fingers to move.

The Norman woman dared not emancipate herself from the sleeve, but she dared diversify it. The Norman woman was skilled in cunning embroidery, and, to give her fingers freer play, she buttoned her sleeve up to her elbow on the inner side of the arm, so that, when occasion required, she was free to unfasten and throw it back. In the twelfth cen-

tury, the second or outer sleeve was elongated so much that it had to be knotted up out of the dirt. Industrious as the Norman lady was, she must have found her embroidery tiresome at times, and her only resource was to diversify as much as possible her sleeve and her head-dress.

The cut of the sleeve, as well as its shape, was curious; and in the thirteenth century, the edges of everything—sleeve, gown, and tunic—were cut into scallops. Rose-leaves and other things were aptly imitated, and the satirists of the day were fierce in their disapprobation of this useless "slyttering," as they called it.

The open pendent sleeves required a lining, and ermine and other costly furs were used to line them. The fur was frequently turned over the edge, forming a handsome cuff, and women were not the worst offenders. The sleeve was brilliantly extravagant in the fifteenth century. Sometimes it expanded like a balloon; again, it drooped like fantastic wings; then the outer sleeve was cut up its length and the linen of the inner one was drawn out between, forming a long puffing. The linen shirt was the next new achievement, and slashed outer sleeves allowed it to be seen; and soon the simple linen was not considered fine enough by dandies, who began to use cambric and silk.



FIG. 11.



FIG. 12.

In the sixteenth century, the sleeve asserted its independence, and it got detached from the gown, and made up separately for change and variety. Henry VIII had a variety of sleeves in his wardrobe, and his daughter Elizabeth improved upon the idea. The dress-makers of to-day might borrow many a hint from the wardrobes of these two. Henry VIII's had resplendent green velvet ones, richly embroidered with flowers of damask gold, and having a raised design of Venetian gold cord upon it. Each sleeve had six buttons of gold, and on each was a heart. The damask flowers were also set with pearls. Another pair of sleeves were of black silk, with strawberry leaves and flowers embroidered in gold. The women of this century wore both elaborately slashed and embroidered inner sleeves and detached outer sleeves, which hung from the shoulders. These were often tied into "love-knots."

Till the close of Henry VIII's reign, the fashion of inner and outer sleeves prevailed; but by degrees there were signs that the outer sleeve would soon have to retire from its place.

Elizabeth, that woman of many reforms, completed the transformation and almost entirely discarded the outer sleeve. The inner, now the only sleeve, was as gorgeous as it might be, and was an honored item in Elizabeth's marvelous wardrobe.

The flat lace collars of the early half of the seventeenth century had a depressing effect on the sleeve. It was still full, but it was flattened at the shoulder, and the broad lace cuff was turned back from the wrist. It was not till the latter half of that century that the elbow-sleeves became common in England, coming from France.



FIG. 13.

Watteau did his best for it. He revived its ancient splendors as well as he might, and there is a grace and a diversity about his sleeves that few could equal. The eighteenth century was emphatically the



FIGS. 14, 15, AND 16.

age of the elbow-sleeve, with its finish of real lace and ornaments of fluttering ribbons.

In the days of the French Revolution, sleeves finally vanished. The Empress Josephine permitted a slight and graceful puff near the shoulder, and the sleeve again began to be used by degrees. Vel-

vet and silk were held out by whalebone, buckram, and cushions of all sorts. But it remained short, ending high above the elbow.

At last, it was found that the sleeve was necessary to health, but it was not lovely in form; and all sorts of uncouth ungracious shapes were tried throughout



the middle of this century. It remained for the pre-Raphaelite to complete its reform and to bring the quaintness, the splendor, and grace of the mediæval sleeve into vogue once more, and to-day it would seem as if the golden age of the sleeve had come again, so diversified are its shapes, so numerous its graces.

#### WORK-TABLE.

In the front of the book, we give a most dainty design for a doily suitable for throwing over a plate of cake, or the pattern may be utilized for a pincushion; it is equally appropriate. The material used is white linen. It is all done with China-blue and pale-pink washing-silks, and will therefore wash well. There is no green used, there being no leaves. The small crosses scattered over the ground are done, some with blue and some with pink, as fancy may suggest, and in long stitches. Each link of the



FIG. 17.

chain that ties on each of the four sides is fastened with a tiny flower of pink and blue alternately.

Figure 1 is a design of a calla lily, to be done in outline, Kensington-stitch, or it may be filled up with satin-stitch. The leaves should of course be dark-green, the lily pure white with yellow pistils. It



FIG. 18.

is useless to say on how many articles this pretty pattern would look well. It has been painted on the bottom of a plate and is exquisite.

In Figure 2, we give a model for a tray for a drawing-room table. The inside is lined with Pompadour silk, or it may be of silk lightly embroidered with sprigs of flowers. The edges are of sky-blue silk trimmed with gold lace, but they can be finished according to fancy. The outside is covered with green and gold brocade; this, too, is optional. At each side is a knot of blue and pink loops of baby ribbon.

In Figure 3, we have a pretty design of birds, to be done in outline or any stitch fancied, for an endless number of articles.



FIG. 19.



FIG. 1.

The hanging pincushion in Figure 4 is used more especially for the "stick" pins now so fashionable, and for bonnet-pins, and is a most dainty addition to the toilet-table as well as a great convenience. The circular pad is bound and faced with emerald-green velvet, ornamented with a diagonal band of gold embroidery and fancy gimp. There is a graduated flounce of lace caught up at the sides with loops and-ends of satin ribbon, corresponding with the one which hides the wall-hook and depending from the centre of the twist holder.

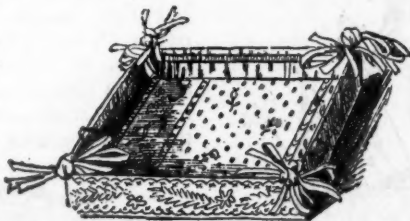


FIG. 2.

The Pence jug in Figure 5, in crochet, makes a beautiful purse. The materials required are one skein each of coffee-brown and blue purse silk, a brass curtain-ring about the size of a shilling, and a steel crochet-hook, No. 4.

Commence at the bottom of jug with brown silk. Make a chain of 20 stitches, join round.

1st round: Work 29 doubles under the chain.

2d round: 2 trebles into each stitch, except the last; in this, work 3 doubles to make the correct number of stitches (49) for the scallops.

3d round: 1 double into a stitch, 1 half-treble into next, 2 trebles into next, 1 treble, 1 double treble, 1 treble into the next, 2 trebles, 1 half-treble

into next, 1 double into next, repeat from the beginning of the row 6 times more.

4th round: 1 treble into each stitch.

5th round: 1 double into each stitch, except the points; in each of the 7 points, work 3 doubles.

6th and 7th rounds: Like 5th round.

8th round: Pass over 1 stitch, \* 1 double into each of 7 stitches, 3 into the point, 1 double into each of 7 stitches, pass over 2 stitches, and repeat from \* 6 times more; there will be only 1 stitch to pass over at the

end of last, repeat.

9th and 10th rounds: Like 8th round, but with blue silk.

The rounds are now all like 8th round, changing the colors only.

11th to 19th rounds: With brown.

20th round: With blue.

21st round: Brown.

22d round: Blue.

23d round: Brown.

24th round: Blue.

25th to 34th rounds: Brown.

35th round: Blue.

36th round: Brown.

37th round: Blue.

38th to 41st rounds: 1 double into each stitch, except the 2 in the depth of scallop; these must be passed over.

42d round: With blue, work a row of

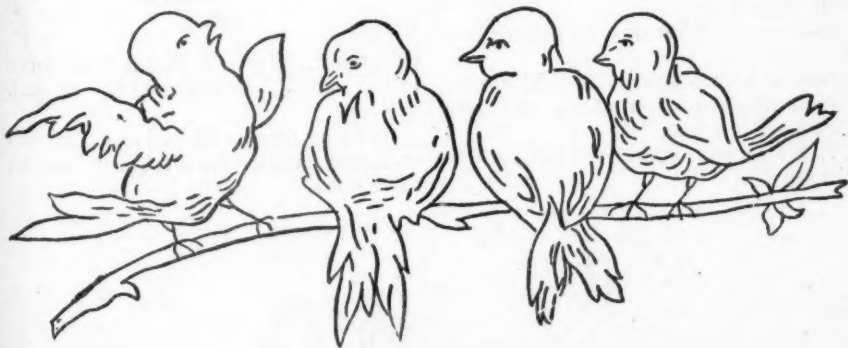


FIG. 3.

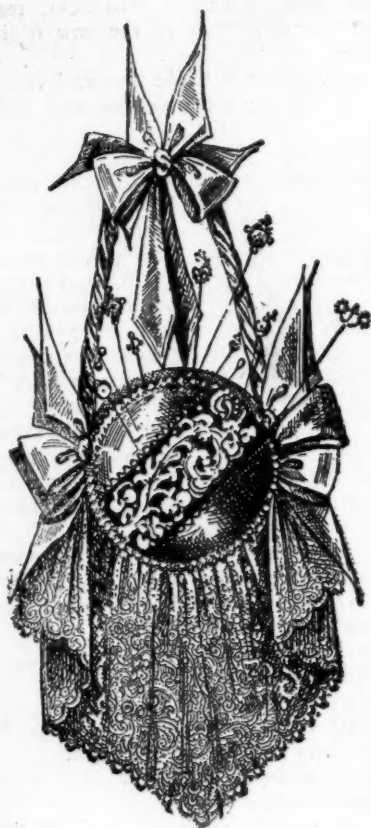


FIG. 4.

singles, passing over a stitch here and there, if necessary, to draw the top into the size through which a penny will pass easily in and out.

43d round: With brown, 1 single into each stitch.

44th to 54th rounds: With blue silk, 1 treble into a stitch, 1 chain, pass over 1 stitch, and repeat.

55th and 56th rounds: 1 single into each stitch.

57th round: 5 trebles into a stitch, 1 treble into the next, pass over 2 stitches, 1 treble into the next, repeat from the beginning of the round.

Now cover the curtain-ring closely over with double stitches or buttonhole, with brown silk, and slip it over the top of the jug.

For the handle, work with brown silk, one treble into each of 6 stitches of the last row of singles, work 2 inches of alternate blue and brown rows of 1 treble into each stitch, work the two edges of the rows together with singles on the



FIG. 5.

under part, to give a round appearance to the handle, sew the end to the back of jug.

The ring may be slipped over the top on to the handle, when the jug is wanted to be open.

Coro





BY ANNA WHITTIER WENDELL.

WHILE we are on the subject of Lee and Shepard's books, it is well to make note of the fact that too little attention is shown by reviewers, for the publisher's work. It is only just that the fine embellishments they lend the author's work should receive full acknowledgment. To "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," illustrated by Sir Noel Paton in a most masterly manner, Lee and Shepard have added a fine thick paper, good type, and peculiarly apt cover. Everybody knows what a beautiful setting they yearly give Miss Irene Jerome's gift-books; this season, it is pansies in every shade and shape known to the lovely blossom, and the subject is friendship—the title, "I Have Called You Friends." The lines, about which pansies are artistically grouped, are taken from different sources: Emerson, Paul Hayne, Susan Coolidge, and from the Bible. But the very choicest of all the gift-books issued from this house, which the reviewer has seen, is another poem, "Periwinkle," by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, illustrated in charcoals by her daughter, Mrs. Zulma De Lacy Steele. They are charming landscapes, such as are seen in the picturesque regions of Old New England, and succeed each other with varied groupings and special details. The drawings are free and bold, giving the effect of the skillful artist's original sketches, while at the same time the half-tone process lends a silvery softness to the work. The vignettes facing the drawings are formed of graceful sprays of periwinkle. The lover of artistic work will find new beauties to admire whenever a page is turned. There is perfect sympathy between author and artist. The book is dedicated to the artist's brothers, "whose boyish feet knew all the devious ways of Periwinkle."

Another is a book of old-time poems, quaint and pleasing, by Curtis Guild, a veteran journalist, editor of the "Commercial Bulletin," Boston. Some of them were published in the old "Knickerbocker Magazine," in the early fifties, when Louis Gaylord Clarke was the editor, when

Leland, Curtis, Parkman, and other now famous writers were just beginning to be heard of. It is a varied collection, covering a long stretch of life and exhibiting the succession of moods and feelings from vivacious youth to serious age. The volume has the advantage of being illustrated. The numerous designs are original, appropriate, and artistic, and are engraved on wood in the highest style of art. Some are exceedingly suggestive and poetic, and all are conspicuous for some merit.

Last, but not least, is the fifth series of "Literary Gems," comprising "House of Life," Rossetti, "The Eve of St. Agnes, and Sonnets," Keats, "The Study of Poetry," Arnold, "She Stoops to Conquer," Goldsmith, "Ideas of Truth," Ruskin, and "Conversation," De Quincey. The titles tell their own old and valued story; it only remains for us to say that the little pocket-volumes are prettily bound in red morocco, printed in clear large type on good paper. A photogravure or etching of the author as frontispiece to each volume, and the whole as neat and worthy a gift as could be selected for the ones we truly call friends and wish specially to remember at this season (G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.).

"Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century." By Elizabeth Wormely Latimer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. An admirable and much needed book, one which really supplies a sensibly felt lack. The story of Russia and Turkey in the present day is told with a clearness and a freedom from prejudice most unusual, and the record is written with an intensity and dramatic force which holds the reader's attention from the first page to the last. The work certainly contains all the elements of popularity.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Son of a Prophet. By Geo. Anson Jackson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.  
Bethia Wray's New Name. By Amanda M. Douglas. A story of girl life, most delicately and comprehensively treated. Lee and Shepard, Boston.  
Outline of Civil Government. By C. D. Higby. Lee and Shepard, Boston.  
True Grandeur of Nations. By Charles Sumner. Lee and Shepard, Boston.

# PUBLISHERS PAGE



PERHAPS one of the greatest social curses is the person who affects sarcasm and smartness in repartee. This creature is, we believe, of modern growth, and the smartness which leads its possessor to snub anyone so unfortunate as to fail to express himself too happily is the outcome of ill-breeding and ill-nature.

On the other hand, there are few pleasanter experiences than to draw out successfully some young novice in the art of conversation, whose evident pleasure in finding his or her opinions respectfully listened to and patiently answered shows plainly that he or she has been in the habit of meeting with repression and ridicule. If we could only make up our minds to exercise patience, good nature, and courtesy, and to avoid selfishness, arrogance, and a tone of superiority in our language, we should find and confer far greater pleasure in our conversation, as well as in our other dealings, with the men and women with whom we are brought in contact.

WALTER BAKER & Co. have received from the judges of the World's Columbian Exposition one of the highest awards on each of the following-named articles contained in their exhibit: Breakfast Cocoa, No. 1 Chocolate, German Sweet Chocolate, Vanilla Chocolate, Cocoa Butter.

The judges state in their report that these products are characterized by excellent flavor, purity of material employed, and uniform even composition, indicating great care in point of preparation.

80

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.—I suppose most of us think that there is no more valuable assistance in the formation of character than any pursuit that leads the mind away from frivolous pursuits, egotistic or morbid fancies, and fills it with memories of noble words and lives, teaches it to love our great poets and writers, and gives it sympathies with great causes. But this was not the prevailing opinion twenty years ago.

THE MEDAL of the World's Columbian Exposition has been awarded to the Waterbury Watch Company, for their Quick-Winding Watches, artistic display, and for general exhibit. The Century Clock, which was such an interesting feature of the exhibit, and which was rated as one of the very remarkable attractions of Manufacturers Building, also received a diploma.

TOO MANY to print; that is why we never use testimonials in our advertising. We are constantly receiving them from all parts of the world. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food. Grocers and druggists.

ABOUT SHAKESPEARE.—Had Shakespeare known of Burnham's Clam Bouillon, he would have advised it as a "morning draught" for Falstaff; but the nearest thing to the word clam in Shakespeare is in the Taming of the Shrew: "It has a clam(orous) smack." Evidently William was not in it, but you can be if you will consult your grocer or druggist.

# Read Rule 15.



**It Denied Admission of Patent Medicines at the World's Fair.**

"Articles that are in any way dangerous or offensive, also patent medicines, nostrums, and empirical preparations, whose ingredients are concealed, will not be admitted to the Exposition."

The above explains **why** Ayer's Sarsaparilla was the **only** preparation of the kind to be found on exhibition at the **World's Fair**. No other Sarsaparilla was exhibited, for the reason that no other would fill all the requirements of a standard family medicine. If you need a tonic or blood-purifier, get

**Ayer's** The Only **Sarsaparilla**  
Admitted at  
**THE WORLD'S FAIR.**

## AYER'S PILLS

are recommended by all the leading physicians and druggists, as the most prompt and effective remedy for biliousness, nausea, costiveness, indigestion, sluggishness of the liver, jaundice, drowsiness, pain in the side, and sick headache; also, to relieve colds, fevers, neuralgia, and rheumatism. They are taken with great benefit in chills and the diseases peculiar to the South.

## Ayer's Cathartic Pills

Admitted for Exhibition at the World's Fair

**Every Dose Effective**



There is many a true word spoken in anger, as in the following case reported by a San Francisco newspaper.

A very irascible old gentleman, who held the office of justice of the peace in one of our cities, was walking down the street, when a young lawyer accosted him familiarly and made some remark which at once roused his ire.

"Young man," said he, "I fine you five dollars for contempt of court."

"Why, judge," said the offender, "you are not in session!"

"This court," responded the judge, now thoroughly angry, "this court is always in session, and consequently is always an object of contempt."

He: "Then, if you are willing, we will be married at once. But we will not live in the close, crowded city; I will purchase a little farm, and we will live on it, and be as happy as turtledoves."

She: "And I shall be a farmer's wife?"

He: "Yes, my darling."

She: "How delightful! And what do you think, John? You won't have to buy a milking-stool for me, for I've got one already."

He (in surprise): "You have?"

She (all animation): "Oh, yes, the prettiest you ever saw—decorated with handsome plush and cherry-colored ribbons."—*Truth.*

We: "When you come to think of it, there's little difference between a confidence man and a cannibal."

Us: "That so?"

We: "Yes; one skins people, and the other eats 'em."

Us: "H'm, they ought to go into business partnership."—*Figaro.*

If Dobbins' Perfect Soap at 5 cents a bar is really worth double, as compared with any other, you surely ought to know it. One trial will show whether it is or not. You can't refuse this trial.

"My dear, don't you intend to invite Mr. and Mrs. Green to your party?"

"Certainly not."

"Why not? They are good friends of ours and will feel hurt."

"I can't help it if they are hurt. I am going to invite Mr. and Mrs. Brown."

"Well, why can't you invite the Greens as well?"

"You shock me with your bad taste. Brown and Green in my parlor together? Never! Why, I wouldn't be a bit surprised to have you asking me next to wear blue and yellow. Have you no idea of harmony whatever?"—*Texas Siftings.*

Boy: "They sent me and Mamie over here to stay all day."

Neighbor: "Why, what's the matter?"

Boy: "I don't know whether it's another little sister or ma's millinery bill come home."—*Chat.*

A certain Irishman having been challenged to fight a duel, accepted the conditions after much persuasion on the part of his friends, who felt confident of his success. His antagonist, a lame man, walked on crutches.

When the place for the shooting had been reached, the lame man's seconds asked that he be allowed to lean against a milestone which happened to be there. The privilege was allowed, and the lame man took his stand.

The Irishman and his seconds drew off to the distance agreed upon—100 feet. Here Pat's courage suddenly failed him, and he shouted to the lame man:

"I've a small favor to ask of ye, sor!"

"What is it?" asked the cripple.

Pat answered: "I told ye that ye might lean agin the milepost, and now I would like the privilege of leaning agin the next one."

The laughter which followed spoiled everybody's desire for a fight, and the whole party went home without a shot having been fired. —*Youth's Companion.*







NOT QUITE SAFE.